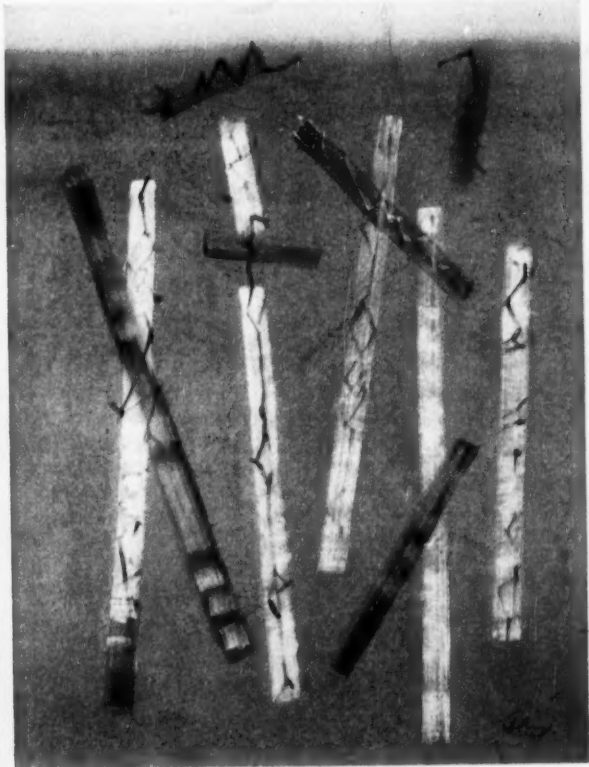


MAGAZINE OF ART

OCTOBER 1951 75 CENTS THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS



MARK TOBEY: REMINISCENCE AND REVERIE

MILLARD MEISS: GUILT AND PENANCE AFTER THE BLACK DEATH

JOHN I. H. BAUR: THE MACHINE AND THE SUBCONSCIOUS

RENE GAFFE: CONFESSIONS OF A COLLECTOR

SELDEN RODMAN: A MURAL BY WILSON BIGAUD

MODERN ART FOR THE MILLBURN SYNAGOGUE

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Magazine of Art is published by The American Federation of Arts, 1262 New Hampshire Avenue N. W., Washington 6, D. C. Director: G. Burton Cumming. *Magazine of Art* is mailed to all chapters and members of The American Federation of Arts, a part of each annual membership fee being credited as a subscription. Subscriptions: United States and possessions, \$6 per year; Canada, \$6.50; Foreign, \$7; single copies 75 cents. Published monthly, October through May. All MSS should be sent to the Editor. Unsolicited mss should be accompanied by photographs; no responsibility is assumed for their return. *Magazine of Art* is indexed in *Art Index* and *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*. Entered as second-class matter Oct. 4, 1921, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Title Trade Mark Registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Copyright 1951 by The American Federation of Arts.

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COLLECTOR'S FEVER

AFTER every financial upheaval in recent history, the prediction has been made that private art collecting has come to an end. Yet somehow new collectors have arrived to replace the old, and individual patronage has remained a more reliable source of support for artists than the business world's fitful largesse. The urge to acquire and take home beautiful objects is ancient and deep. Its ugliest name is greed, perhaps; its purest is adulation: the need to be confronted with particular evidence of the creative process, at close and intimate hand.

Our own era has seen a marked decline in the number of private collectors, especially in this country, who have interested themselves in the art of the past. The reasons for this are numerous: the high cost of first-rate works from climactic earlier periods; problems of authenticity; the immense publicity that over the years has accrued to the revolutionary movements of our own time. These among others. But it seems a pity that at least a few of the newer collectors do not look to the past courageously and with flair, seeking out neglected figures of worth, re-examining styles and trends now fallen into disrepute unfairly. There are still many bargains on art history's counter; it is mainly our highly trained museum curators who have recognized their value. It may be, however, that the soaring prices for outstanding contemporary works will eventually force some collectors into older fields.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that nothing can rival the sense of excitement and pride which comes from selecting works by one's contemporaries, long before posterity's judgment is in. And there is a special fascination about those collections of modern art for which choices have been made soon after the works themselves were completed, instead of twenty or thirty years later. Such a collection is that of M. René Gaffé of Brussels, whose account of his enthusiasms and adventures is recorded in the following pages.

A journalist of modest means, M. Gaffé has brought to collecting the discipline of wary selection; he could not afford to be profligate. But his profession—and, of course, far more crucially his lively intelligence—has assured him a thorough knowledge of the climate in which some of the finest artists of our time have worked. As he recounts in his article, he knew Paul Eluard and André Breton well. Through them, during the 1920's, he became fully aware of the surrealist

esthetic, clearly one of the dominant forces in the art of the past quarter century, if now temporarily spent. But M. Gaffé has always retained a vital independence of taste. He bought one of Chagall's finest pictures, *I and the Village*, long before that painter's brand of fantasy was tardily acclaimed by Breton's New York conclave during the recent war. He bought De la Fresnaye's masterwork, *Conquest of the Air*, though that picture's sensual enrichment of cubism can hardly have appealed to the surrealist hierarchy, with its unequivocal insistence on psychological impact. If M. Gaffé's preferences among artists have included Giorgio de Chirico, chief forerunner of nearly all surrealist art except that concerned with automatism, they have also included painters of quite opposite tendency. The cohesive ingredient in his decisions is simple yet incalculably rare—a true perception of quality, over and beyond fixed program.

Today M. Gaffé's collection is much dispersed, to his evident and touching dismay. But works he has owned will always have something to do with him, and already we are aware that the notation "ex-collection Gaffé" is a decided mark in a picture's favor. To this courageous collector, living in a community where the reactionary animus against modern art has been strong and sometimes virulent—our salutations. In future issues of the MAGAZINE we hope to publish articles on other collectors, here and abroad, for whom the quick championship of the best in contemporary painting and sculpture has been a heady necessity.

J. T. S.

WITH this issue the MAGAZINE OF ART changes to a new format. The number of articles and illustrations in each issue remains the same, the section devoted to book and film reviews will be expanded, and of the MAGAZINE's regular features only the monthly Calendar of Exhibitions has been dropped.

Although the change is quite frankly necessitated by rising costs of publication, it is our firm belief that the new format is in most respects superior to the old; we hope our readers will share this belief. The MAGAZINE will continue to appear monthly, except during the summer months, its record of forty-two years of continuous publication unbroken.

CONFESSIONS OF A COLLECTOR

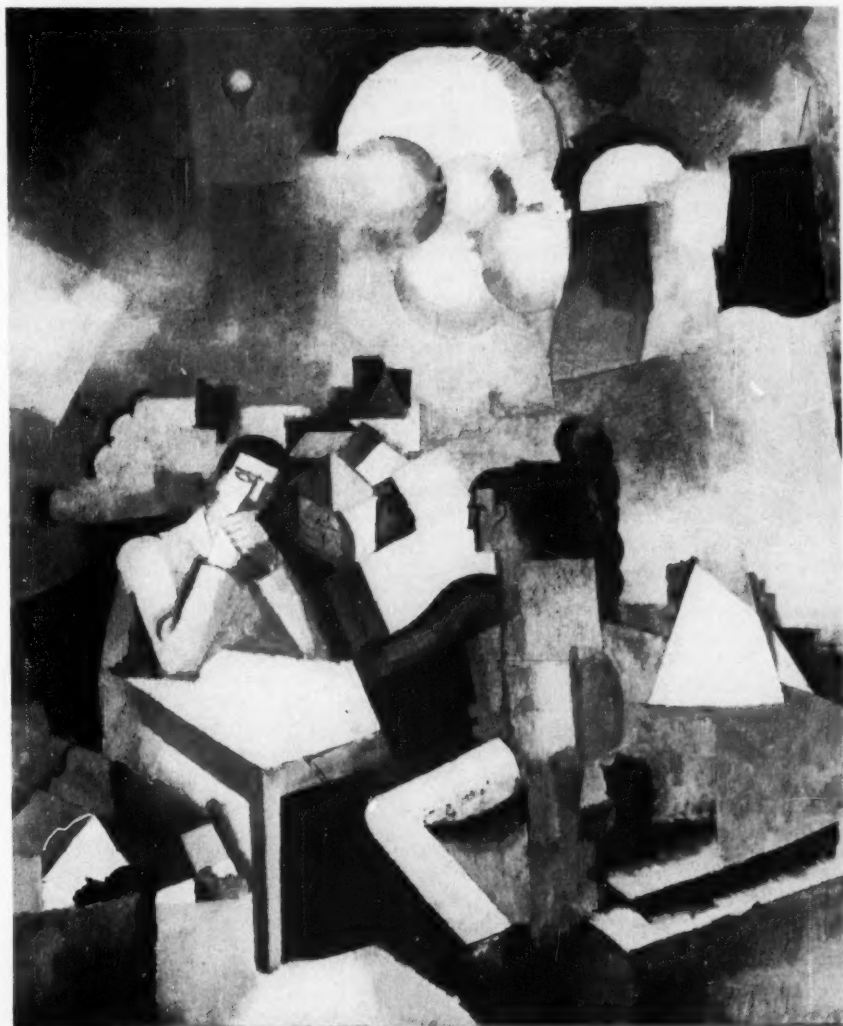
René Gaffé

THE VISITOR to the Museum of Modern Art in New York may see there, as part of its permanent collection, a large and remarkable painting by Roger de la Fresnaye, *The Conquest of the Air*. The artist has sought to reconstruct the universe through the power of his imagination. He has adapted the landscape to his own skies and clouds; but, accentuated by the wing of

a nearby airplane, his human figures break down the barriers of anonymity. Fused into one ensemble men, sky, countryside and machine blend into a serene unity.

This acknowledged masterpiece hung on my walls for many long years. My regret at having had to relinquish it is mitigated by my satisfaction in knowing that it is exhibited in a land

Roger de la Fresnaye, *The Conquest of the Air*, 1913, oil, 91 1/2 x 77", Museum of Modern Art



that I cherish for its nobility, its courage, its industry, its vitality, and—in matters of art—its thirst for knowledge.

Possibly I am open to criticism for not having offered this outstanding work of modern French painting to a museum in my own country. To this I would reply that our museums lack initiative and courage. Not long ago, they refused a good Modigliani that had been offered them as a gift by one of my compatriots. Previously these same museums had turned down capital works by Gauguin, Cézanne, Renoir and Van Gogh, priced at forty dollars apiece. Museums in the United States, on the other hand, do not shirk their responsibilities. They pioneer by buying works not only by acknowledged artists, but by those of the *avant garde* as well. American museums thus provide for their visitors a complete panorama of all tendencies in painting. While we in Europe applaud this policy, such a practice is impossible for most of our museums—not only for want of funds but even more for want of conviction, boldness and competence on the part of our Acquisitions Committees.

I am often asked whether art collectors are born or made. I believe that they are born. Collecting pictures is the sign of an artistic sense, which some people never possess, and which others develop in the course of time. The prime requisite is that precious gift we call taste. For some years I have observed one collector who repeatedly purchases the most mediocre canvases offered to him. Others, specializing in one type of painting, can hardly bear to glance at any other sort. I once even knew a crank whose specialty was fake Corots; the proud possessor of more than two thousand such bogus paintings, he stoutly refused to buy genuine works by that great master. But space does not permit me to go into all the idiosyncrasies and crackpot whims of collectors.

Speaking from my own experience, I admit that at the outset the collector may be guilty of pathetic errors which lead him to make poor purchases. Perhaps he hasn't enough money to choose a superior work (since everything has its price); or possibly he lacks experience, flair and sound judgment. Such qualities are acquired only after intimate association with many paintings whose owners can be persuaded to part with them—which is not always the case. In general, the neophyte tends to be swayed by the pretty, the winsome or the sentimental. Paintings of that sort I have learned at my cost to avoid. Their insipidity becomes unbearable after one has lived with them for a few months. On the other hand, I have found that the very paintings which at first sight appear the most unprepossessing gradually grow to seem the most agreeable, striking and permanently satisfying.

Your true collector need not necessarily be a gambler, but he must be a fanatic. Unless his love of works of art is as breath to his nostrils,

his collection will soon turn into a hodgepodge of undistinguished canvases lacking either standards or value. The essential criterion for any collection is that it should include first-rate works and no others. Exerting the most stringent self-discipline, the collector must make his purchases with confident assurance. The price is unimportant, for he will soon forget it, while the work itself will remain before his eyes, beautiful, bewitching and flawless. Though never susceptible to flattery, I was delighted when T. S. Eliot said to me, "How could you possibly bring together in so scant a space so many beautiful things?" Unsought-for compliments of this sort are the collector's highest reward.

Actually my selections have been damned more often than they have been praised, and my enthusiasms mocked, insulted or even threatened. I recall one man to whom, in all innocence, I showed painting by Miro and sculpture by Hans Arp. After I had given him the explanation he asked for, he ran away, while the corridors re-echoed to his comment: "Caffé is a lunatic; he may be erudite, but he's mad as a hatter." Nor were certain periodicals more indulgent. Nevertheless, I persevered in my quest for pictures which would continue to afford me undiminished intellectual enjoyment, day after day.

There are some paintings which unflinchingly fascinate their owners, who nevertheless would be hard put to it to justify their admiration by discerning in them true beauty of form or serene quality of color. What is a picture except a piece of canvas painted to represent three dimensions? Yet to state this axiom is not enough. The arrangement of forms thus displayed did not come into being arbitrarily from the object which caught the painter's eye; he had, through a conscious effort, either to restrain his frenzy or else let himself go. In this process he called upon his instincts, yet kept them under constant control—and in the last analysis it is his taste that must consummate the work.

Painting is never a gratuitous experience. But while the psychology of creative artists has been extensively studied, there is also such a thing as the psychology of the amateur. Since human nature presents as many aspects as there exist individuals, it would be difficult, tedious and probably futile to attempt to define and classify these psychological traits. There are nevertheless two main categories: those who collect "old masters" and those who collect modern art. One rarely finds an individual who combines these disparate interests. Even among collectors of modern works, there is a marked distinction between those who prize contemporary academic art, as set and frozen as the leaves of a plant stripped of its veins, and those who admire the art that is truly of their own time—*avant-garde* art, which always has an unexpected vitality.

I myself have been for many years a militant and impassioned collector of the latter sort;

I must admit frankly, however, that I did not always collect paintings by contemporary artists. Having studied classical painting (which I still admire), I began by assembling a small group of works by seventeenth-century painters—works by artisans rather than by artists, but minutely executed in somber beauty. But even though I did not realize it, the uniformity of these minor works eventually produced, for the impetuous youth I then was, an effect of calm boredom. In addition, they were too skilfully repainted, they possessed too many sham cracks, and they had been given the most fantastically whimsical attributions. How could anyone assert authoritatively that a picture three hundred years old was by such and such a hand, when every day disputes were in progress about the authenticity of certain canvases of Utrillo, who is still alive? The problem of the Vermeers forged by Van Meegeren—only a few years ago a burning topic in art circles—presents but one aspect of this thorny and important question of connoisseurship.

Then, too, that air of eternity in the reverberant religious scenes seemed over-repetitious. As a journalist, I was too intimately bound up with the increasingly hectic life of our own day and felt myself too young to associate with all the bearded patriarchs who adorned my walls, all inspired by the same legend that provided the pabulum for the third-rate painters of that bygone day. Plagiarism was rife, too; it could easily be established that a given Giorgione *Venus* was a direct descendant of Titian, or this Lippo Lippi of Leonardo da Vinci!

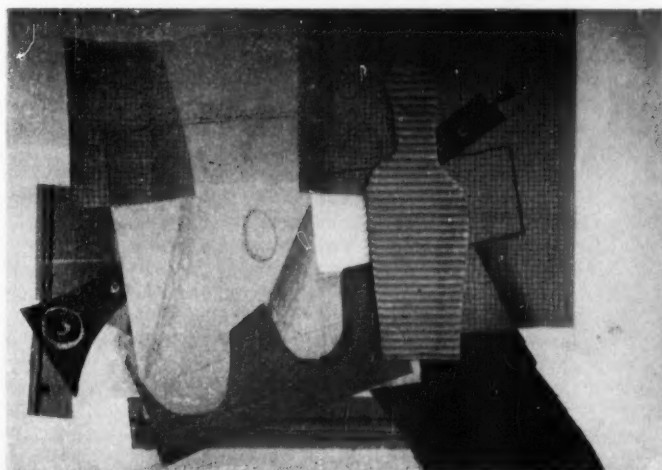
By pure chance one day I visited an art dealer in Brussels, M. Breckpot. After listening attentively while I enumerated my acquisitions, he suggested that I was out of tune with the times and that a man of my age should not

constantly be harking back to bygone eras; that without taking risks, one could not indulge a passion with pleasure; and, in short, that it would be better to take an adventurous flyer. I recall that it was the logic of his reasoning rather than the paintings that he showed me which impressed me. I left his shop convinced that unless I broke with the past, I would go on passively submissive rather than actively venturesome, while life all around me was entering upon a new, mechanical era, with automobiles beginning to crowd the streets and airplanes to blaze trails through the uncharted skies.

I should have to learn to see anew. My thirst for knowledge obliged me to overcome any lack of confidence. It was not long before I succeeded. In order to break with the past and abolish any pretext for remaining bogged down in the same rut, I decided to sell all my old paintings, lock, stock and barrel, without a backward glance or regret. A collector has to be strong-minded enough to tear himself brutally away from his loves. Art being in perpetual gestation, he must often part with well-loved canvases in order to acquire new ones—unless he is lucky enough to be able to afford to keep them all, which, alas! has never been my lot.

I now had to start from scratch and begin to open my eyes upon quite other horizons. I was astonished that the effort proved so painless, and that my vision so soon became conscious of the movement that was drawing modern painting towards an endlessly fertile future.

I first set out to discover the impressionists, but my encounter with Monet's *Nymphs* was hardly edifying. The neophyte I was at the time (though I have scarcely changed my mind since) was reluctant to accept those all-too-subjective transpositions of the exterior world's



Georges Braque, Collage, 1918

aspect, those colors which so diluted the forms. But I did become aware of other vivid, luminous works by this great painter, and I also admired the blossoming of the Ile-de-France landscape under Pissarro's graceful brush, and the enchanted river banks of certain of Sisley's paintings. Their followers, whose name was legion, left me cold, for I was obsessed by the idea of seeking out the *original* painter, the initiator. Why should art endlessly repeat the same formulas, remain stationary, neglect new experiences? Before long I realized that the task of art was to translate present-day preoccupations amid the infinite domain of creative representation. Cézanne cannot be done over to order, although his work may provide the most salutary of lessons.

Some reading I did at this period led me to explore cubism, which was then greatly agitating the critics. My first contact with the works of Picasso and Braque was a decisive milestone. I thrilled to the intense reality of their objective feeling, to the judiciously distributed economy of their compositions, to their unflinching severity. I learned to discern the true value of the object—its volume, its weight, its movement, its inner life! Cubism, restricted to a plane surface, represented to my mind the discovery and interpretation of the ideal transposition of the exterior world.

The most profound scientific truths are often at the outset only debatable hypotheses. Each individual interpretation of the objective world is not necessarily superfluous; to the very extent of the effort it makes, it contributes to the progressive interpretation of the mystery it has set in motion. For there is a mystery at the core of any work of art, especially at that stage of research and experiment which Picasso and Braque were then jointly engaged in conducting. I could not be satisfied until I had succeeded in penetrating this mystery, since the world of visual representation is an element of primary importance for the eye which scrutinizes, registers and seeks to elucidate. That is why cubism, by formulating those principles upon which it was based, achieved so drastic a revolution in the art of painting.

Recalling the earliest Horta landscapes of 1908, I realized how Picasso had absorbed them visually, and how he had projected just those elements which were indispensable for communicating the exact concept of the *idea* of landscape: trees, houses, roofs, the green of meadows and so forth. And all these elements were ranked according to their appropriate station in the world of reality. Admittedly the forms were disconnected and without reference to any actual, banal landscape; but their essence, as conveyed by the artist to our eyes, plots the locale to perfection. I now understood the meaning of the inscription the cubists had engraved on the pediment of their magnificent edifice: it was to the effect that the painter must sincerely

strive to strike new ground, that he must will to illumine the mystery of the relation between subject and object and must bring the latter to the light of day. The cubists were overturning outworn values and substituting richer ones, better adapted to the present.

Here I must pay tribute to those who opened for me "charmed magic casements . . . on the foam of perilous seas." Among these were Léonce Rosenberg, who pioneered enthusiastically as the champion of the new school; Wilhelm Uhde, an alert collector, and Henry Kahnweiler, a connoisseur if there ever was one. But likewise I am deeply indebted to André Breton and Paul Eluard, the writers who steered me towards a shore which was to afford me unalloyed delights. At their homes in the rue Fontaine, these two surrealist friends had gathered together masterpieces of European art, selected with flawless taste and hung side by side with important objects from darkest Africa or Polynesia. The world of art owes much to these two men, who led many young artists into new pastures at a period when many people doubted the sincerity of such pictorial research.

Having sold my bearded prophets, barebosomed saints and my still-lives (were they actually not still-born?) and having become acquainted with a new art form, I was now in a position to acquire a few paintings which later critics were to declare sensational: *Young Girl with Mandolin*, *Bust of a Woman with Green Background* and *Portrait of Uhde* by Picasso; the largest *collage* and the *Candlestick* of Braque; the masterly *Motor* of Fernand Léger; and a few works by Juan Gris and Metzinger. With these I was to live intimately in a pleasure which never over a period of years failed me for a single day. Unfortunately, on the eve of the second World War, I had to abandon most of these treasures, and I am not ashamed to confess that my regret is still lively today.

Once launched by my surrealist friends, I did not rest on my oars. The incomparable theories of Breton and the poetic gifts of Eluard sped me to new tasks. Their books, articles and explosive manuscripts appealed to me. Even though I did not rally to the slogan of this ardent group: "Set fire to the Louvre!" I was at least familiar with the birth and growth of that very special state of mind called surrealism. About this time, a Belgian friend living in Paris happened one afternoon to take me to the rue Tourlaque. There, in the depths of a small, picturesque garden crowded with old stones and statues too heavy to be carted elsewhere, lived two of the best surrealist painters—Max Ernst and Joan Miro.

The former, having shed his uniform of olive drab, was among the founders of Dada. True to stock, intelligent and persuasive, he had cast in his lot with the young generation—men like Tristan Tzara who, disillusioned by unful-



Pablo Picasso, *Portrait of William Uhde, 1913*, collection Roland Penrose, London

filled promises, were preaching the absolute negation of all values. Though this moment in human experience did not last long, it rallied during its brief reign a number of talented young men who were determined to break down everything that lay in their path. Picabia put on exhibition a smudge of ink he entitled *The Holy Virgin*; Duchamp proposed that Rembrandt's pictures be used as ironing boards; and one and all agreed to proceed to the Louvre to paste a fine pair of mustaches under the nose of *Mona Lisa*. Today we are inclined to smile as we recall those feverish hours when anarchy triumphed over reason.

As for Joan Miro, a short, squat man with the exquisite politeness typical of his native Catalonia, he had known hard times in his early days in Paris, when he subsisted exclusively on yoghurt and rice. Nevertheless he had refused to betray his ideals by painting pictures which would have a ready sale. He knew that he had something to say—and say it he would, come what may.

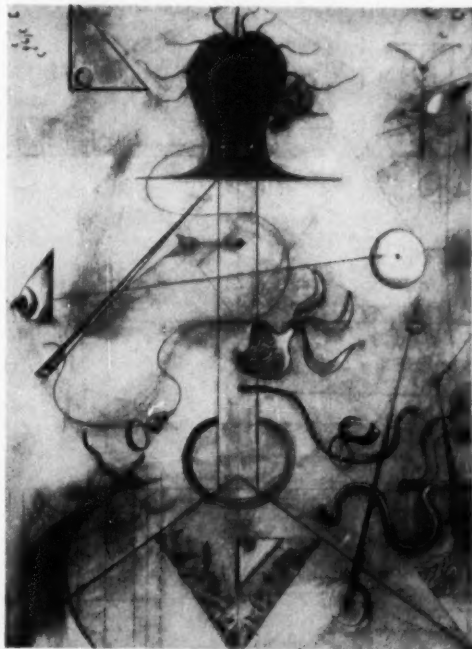
Today as I reminisce over this prolific period of discovery and conjure up its protagonists, it seems impossible to separate surrealism in painting from its expression in literature. Literary surrealism was a mode of knowledge which postulated the total liberation of the mind. It

made use of all kinds of word games, charades and similar amusements; but it has left books, essays and poems of enduring beauty. Thanks to its youthful zealots, poetry came to be an uninterrupted link between the conscious sensation of an individual and his awareness of the existence of an analogous consciousness in external objects.

In his writings, Max Ernst dealt with the priority of humor in painting; in his painting, Joan Miro, ever a craftsman, forged on calmly but always boldly. The surrealists incessantly kept creating anew; they maintained an irrepressibly joyous effervescence, passing from the depths of the unconscious to the upper levels of consciousness.

The painters were mainly visionaries. They set down on their canvases a succession of images, renewed day by day through the power of their imagination. Thus they freed painting from the impasse to which it apparently had been brought through cubism's too rigid formulas. Among this group, intellectually curious about everything, the metaphysical painting of Giorgio de Chirico was an early discovery; soon he was to figure in the world of art as a Seer. Chirico was indeed a prophet, whose well-springs were imagination, movement, legend, unreality and nostalgia. My first knowledge of this artist (about whom I have recently written a

Joan Miro, *Portrait of Mme. K., oil, 1924*



short book) goes back to a visit to André Breton, who at the time owned an extraordinary painting, *Mystery and Melancholy of a Street*. The moment I set eyes on it, it stirred me deeply; divorced from all doctrinal directives, it posed a number of enigmas. The mystery was there, spread before my eyes and taking my breath away by its power of enchantment. I immediately proposed to buy it, but Breton found a thousand reasons to refuse. In order to retain some memento of this amazing picture, however, I bought its frame—an enormous construction by Pierre Legrain, one of the great bookbinders of our day. How differently events transpired from what we could have anticipated! Today the painting is in America and will never be mine, while the frame, which I still possess, never proved suitable for any other purpose.

Subsequently I satisfied my desires by discovering other equally sensational Chiricos, like *Melancholy*, which seems to await the instant when a phantom shall come around the corner; and by purchasing in all twenty Chiricos painted between 1912 and 1918.

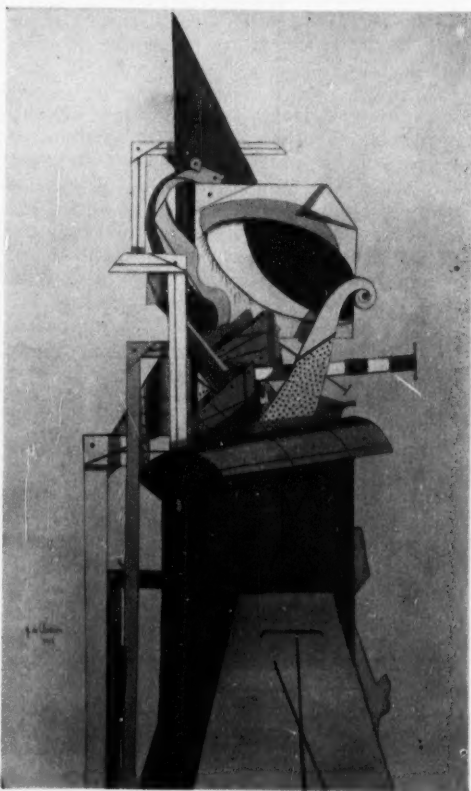
Astrologers' reckonings have never influenced me, since stars to me are no more than brilliant, inaccessible dots in the heavens. But I am ready to believe that they influenced the man we recognize as the father of surrealist painting. At that period, besides Max Ernst and Joan Miro, Salvador Dali was attracting connoisseurs by his sharp, incisive talent. He had no inkling of the dazzling career he was to have in the United States; impecunious like his friends, he was preoccupied each day with fresh worries. His courageous helpmeet Gala suggested that several friends offer him a minimum monthly contribution which in the course of a year was to amount to, I believe, two hundred francs. In return each was to receive a painting of Dali's and chances on one large, important canvas for which the subscribers were to draw lots. I was not much attracted by this manner of expressing interest in an artist's work, and that is why, though I possess all of Dali's writing, I do not own a single painting of his. But I have kept a watchful eye on his production, and when a Hollywood film company launched a competition for designs on the theme of the Temptation of St. Anthony to illustrate a motion picture based on Guy de Maupassant's *Bel-Ami*, it was Dali's entry rather than Max Ernst's which in my opinion should have won the prize. His elephants mounted on insect legs were extraordinarily imaginative and his drawing as exquisite as that of the purest primitive. When the work was exhibited in Brussels it was sensationally received—and rightly so, I believe.

Miro's sphere was the exterior world and its extension in man's inmost consciousness. Masterly in his handling, he succeeded in adapting form to a new notion of combining facts. He was so scrupulous in the attention that he paid

to concept and its means of expression that the two were always interdependent. Ingenuousness, childlike guilelessness and charm were all his. He gave to his dreams a novel expression, which he was later to heighten by violent colors in the fashion of his countrymen of ancient Catalonia. It really seems that only the Spanish can use that ever-dangerous color, violet; in France Matisse alone has successfully conquered it, with his usual elegance.

Schools rise and fall but are not forgotten. Though they may claim some belated adherents, nothing can be added to the initial victories. Surrealism represents a completed cycle—a fact which no regrets can alter. Invariably a new school arises in reaction to its predecessor; thus we have witnessed the reaction of cubism against impressionism, of surrealism against cubism, and now of abstraction against surrealism. Abstraction, however, cannot yet be called a school; each of its adepts, the world over, works according to his own lights, and no common bond unites them. We may wonder, therefore, how long its influence will last. It has certainly pro-

Giorgio de Chirico, *The Jewish Angel*, 1916, collection Roland Penrose, London



duced several brilliant painters, but unfortunately it also supplies the uninspired with a ready means of peddling their wares under the slogan of abstraction.

Artists of that type, however, have always existed. I shall pass them by and speak only of the initiators, those with the courage to carry out the experiment to its logical conclusion. In Europe, at any rate, general exhibitions of abstraction have not been able to give an accurate impression either of individual artists nor of their concerted action. Nevertheless this type of painting, with which I am wholly in sympathy, is gaining ground. But even if the movement were more strictly organized than it is, it could never form a school. It has its prophets and its high priests, infinite elements are at its disposal, and it would be regrettable to see an artificial alignment of them all. In this case, again, it is concrete color which produces all the effects, all shades and all modeling. If I may put it so, abstract painting is—or at least should be—a pure mirror which produces an illusion, for it is almost a transposition of the original eddies of unconscious life. A new language, difficult even when it seems at its easiest, it must always present personal interpretations.

Nor do I regret this. No one has forgotten the barren discussions about cubism; yet what rich sources of ideas those works concealed! ideas that architects, decorators, designers of

posters, advertisers and many other others seized. The abstract movement is too new for us at this early date to appraise its ultimate destiny; but let us at least appreciate the merits of the experiment it is conducting under our eyes.

Lest you accuse me of betraying my principles by having chosen some works with less conviction, I would say: should one not pay passing attention to certain movements and not stay safely anchored in the same haven all one's life? I have liked a great many painters who have brightened my walls with their beautiful images. I have loved Chagall, who evoked the storytellers and musicians of Old Russia. The mysterious bypaths of his legends surround his *isbas* with the oxen on their roofs and with their chimerical rabbis. In *I and My Village*—which I let go to the Museum of Modern Art—the artist has fondly narrated the ramblings of his active imagination.

I have loved Modigliani and his *Little Dairymaid* with its supple lines and extraordinary rosy coloring, its delicacy and purity of expression that seems born of a lyrical command of rhythms. Here is an artist who never seems methodical or doctrinaire; his unique style recalls the renaissance masters on whom he used to feast his feverish eyes in his native Italy.

I also loved Roger de la Fresnaye, whose refined elegance seems very close in spirit to that of those other great Frenchmen, Chardin

Marc Chagall, *I and My Village*, 1911, oil,
75 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 59 $\frac{3}{8}$ ", Museum of Modern Art



and the *Le Nains*. The position he occupies is somewhat allied to cubism, whose lucid organization of forms and their arrangement he adapted, while avoiding what appeared to him to be its over-arbitrary formulas. Speaking of De la Fresnaye, I should mention a little adventure which I had at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris when the collection of the celebrated *courtier*, Paul Poiret, was up for sale there. Among the paintings was the magnificent *Card Game*, worthy of taking its place in the Louvre some day beside Cézanne's *Card Players*. As soon as I arrived, I rushed to the room where the auction was in progress and took a seat in the first row. How furiously fast the bids went under the auctioneer's hammer! I hardly had a chance to glance at the painting which the attendants held up for my admiration, before the hammer fell fatefully—and the *Card Game* went to my neighbor on the left. Luckily I was able to buy it from him eight days later, but I had to pay five times the price he had given for it!

How many paintings pass before a fervid collector in the course of his career, and among them, how many that he would like but cannot afford to acquire! What dreams are not born of the collection he might have possessed but never will—that most beautiful collection of all; for every collector has two collections—the one on his walls and the one of his dreams. How many masterpieces I forfeited for lack of funds! Yet in the perspective of time I must say that a comparison between the early asking prices and present quotations shows that those who seek only financial profit in art (and I was never among them) lost the opportunity for several first-class investments. I remember being offered the *Wedding Party* by Rousseau le Douanier—that simple, humble painter who miraculously imbued his works with such sheer luminous beauty and such harmonious respect for their component parts. I was also offered Van Gogh's *Starry Night* with its daring riot of colors, flames and fireworks against the deep blue of the night sky. Surely this is the culmination of the visionary's art, a bitter art that stirs us to the depths of our souls. Well, no dealer whom I told of these two windfalls dared to pay the price asked. Today, those dealers must be biting their nails in vexation.

Works by Renoir, Bonnard, Vuillard, Utrillo, Braque, Soutine, Hans Arp, Magritte, Delvaux and how many others, all excellent, have passed in procession before my eyes. But I have never seen what we call a "five-legged sheep"—that is, a first-rate painting at a ridiculously low price. I have always paid what I thought a picture was worth, for the price one pays is forgotten at once, but a bad picture, never. I was, alas, never lucky enough to encounter a painting by Seurat, whose intense personality dominates his every work. His production, like that of Roger de la Fresnaye, is

limited, and all his paintings have long since passed into collections that guard them jealously. Only a few drawings remain on the open market—drawings that are obviously among the finest of our period. Unfortunately I must admit that I have never been partial to black and white, whereas color calls forth an echo almost like a cry deep within me.

In completing this tour of my limited horizon, I can honestly say that I have never championed any but genuine art. To gather masterpieces has cost me time, worry and—why not be frank?—privation. How often during holidays abroad I have restricted myself to third-class railway carriages and the most modest hotel rooms! But once having acquired the painting I craved, I was so overjoyed that frequently I rose from my bed at night to cast just one more admiring glance at it. And after all, you can assemble a good collection without being a millionaire. But you must discriminate; you must discover a painter before his market value rises; you cannot limit yourself to masterpieces by established artists. It is discrimination and foresight, not the ability to draw checks against huge bank accounts, which are the hallmarks of the true collector, and a venturesome spirit which reveals the true enthusiast.

I acknowledge that this sixth sense, luckily, is not granted to every man. Occasionally you make mistakes; you put your trust in young artists who, hardening quickly, soon resemble those fine fruits you see rotting on the branch. No collector will discuss the canvases that litter his attic; though he once paid a good price for them, they are valueless today. He took a sporting chance, and they turned out to be duds—but who can win every time in a lottery? Nevertheless, to cite only two examples, one could have bought works by Picasso or Braque when those great men were still either misunderstood or suspect.

Have I mentioned that I once bought some Utrillos at six hundred francs apiece? I should have hoarded my purchases, but I could not afford to do so; I had to sell certain works in order to buy others which at the time interested me more. And did I say that I have dabbled in every type of painting? Well, painting does not arise from a single technique or ideal. Bastard art is soon outworn, while real art endures, because it defies satiety and disappointment and because its only requisite is certain fundamental ideas. Where the ideas are fallacious, the work is doomed; but this never happens in the case of a true artist.

Since the beginning of this century, painting has suffered a shock, owing to the arguished consciousness of painters in search of new interpretations. The best artists have known how to turn to advantage their doubt concerning earlier, outmoded styles and have transposed it faithfully onto their canvases. They were determined

also to surmount this obstacle and to resolve their difficulties. Since Cézanne, it has been impossible to paint as artists did before him. That great visionary really dislocated the diverse elements of normal vision—a dislocation that conforms to the way in which our eye actually functions, for sight does not always correspond precisely to the object it perceives. On canvas, however, this was a totally new experience.

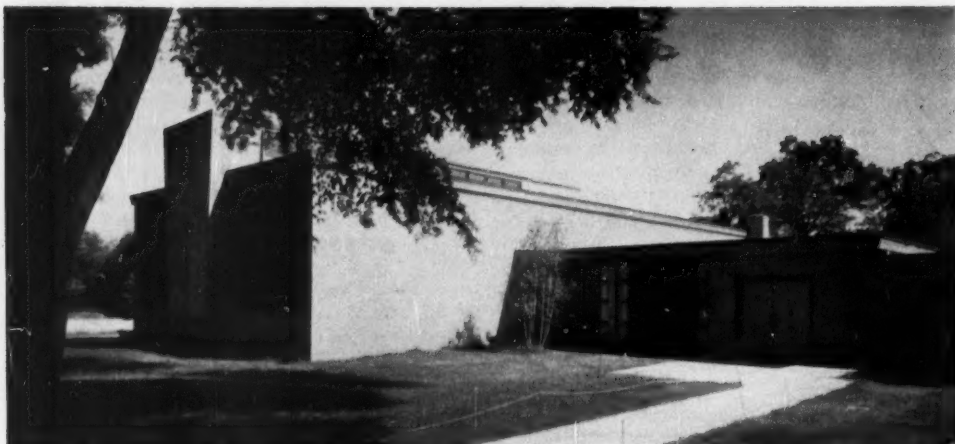
To aspiring collectors I would say: Look about you, look ahead of you—but never look behind you! And do not jumble together indiscriminately all tendencies, all styles, all periods. You will have to run risks; you will sometimes go astray. But the over-prudent collector generally merely amasses an array of pictures that soon invite boredom.

How right that dealer was when he advised me to get in tune with my times! What a profitable lesson! Even though the actual paintings I possessed have now gone elsewhere, and I must look to the past—unless I order those fine tapestries from Aubusson signed by great contemporary French painters, or unless I can persuade Picasso to part with some of his amazing pottery. The most recent modern paintings, however, set off by faded old gold frames, can still figure agreeably in company with the majestic sculptures of darkest Africa or colorful masks from Polynesia. Even as I write these last lines of my reminiscences, my colossal *Ull* from New Britain stares intently at me out of great tortoiseshell eyes. Perhaps he is thinking that collectors, like poets, have often been prophets.

NOTE: All paintings reproduced were formerly in the collection of the author.

Amedeo Modigliani, *The Little Dairymaid*, 1918, oil





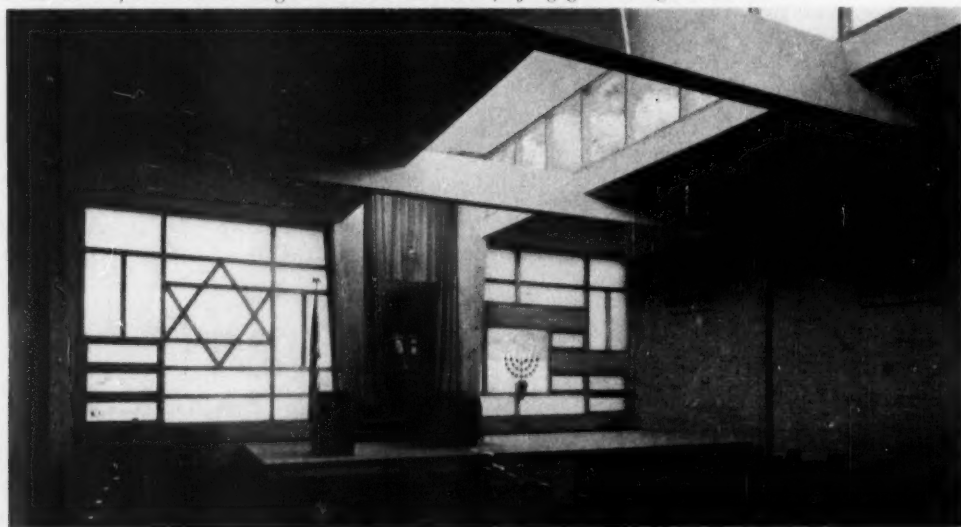
MODERN ART FOR THE MILLBURN SYNAGOGUE

AT Millburn, New Jersey, a most exceptional project is nearing completion. This is the new synagogue of the Congregation B'nai Israel, whose Rabbi is Dr. Max Gruenewald. Its architect is Percival Goodman, Professor of Architecture at Columbia University, and well known for his synagogues in other cities and for his large building group for the City of New York. Long a champion of the more advanced forms of contemporary art, Mr. Goodman commissioned three American artists—Herbert Ferber, Adolph Gottlieb and Robert Motherwell—to provide for the Millburn synagogue the works shown in the accompanying illustrations. The terms of the commissions were ideal in that the artists were given complete freedom in choice of subject and man-

ner of working, and no approval by the congregation of the finished products was required.

In a forthcoming issue we will publish an article on the use of modern artists by the Catholic Church in France, an article written by the chief protagonist of the current revival of progressive religious art in that Church and country, Father Couturier. Considered together with Canon Hussey's commissions (Henry Moore and Graham Sutherland) for the Church of St. Matthew at Northampton, England, Father Couturier's various projects and the new synagogue at Millburn indicate an important, if thus far limited, trend towards utilizing the talents of the best contemporary artists, regardless of the latter's personal faiths, for religious purposes.

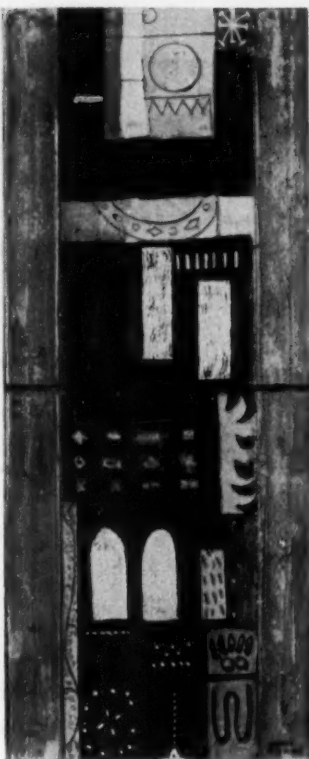
Top of page: Percival Goodman, B'nai Israel, Millburn, N. J. Main entrance and, to the left, exterior façade before attachment of Ferber's Burning Bush. Below: Interior of synagogue looking towards the Ark.





Herbert Ferber, Model for The Burning Bush. Ferber's sculpture (12 x 7'), of copper sheet covered with lead and solder and reinforced by brass pipes, is to be attached as a bas-relief to a panel on the façade. Its elements, being made separately, are to be fastened to each other and to the wall as separate units.

Right:
Adolf Gottlieb,
Curtain to be
hung before the
Ark, 19 x 8'.
 The background
 material of the
 curtain is red
 velvet appliqué
 with contrasting
 areas of color,
 their contours
 defined by
 velvet tubing.
 The curtain
 includes many
 ancient Jewish
 symbols—
 seven candles,
 columns, jewels
 of the crown,
 the Tablets of
 the Law, the
 Tree of Life,
 the mane of the
 Lion of Judah,
 and the
 Twelve Tribes.
 The curtain is
 being made by
 women of the
 congregation
 from this
 full-size cartoon
 by the artist.



NOTE: Photographs of B'nai Israel reproduced by courtesy of Percival Goodman; photographer Alexandre Georges. The Ferber, Gottlieb and Motherwell courtesy of the Kootz Gallery, at which they will be on view October 3rd-20th.

Robert Motherwell, Mural, 8 x 12'. Motherwell's mural for the entrance foyer, executed in his characteristic deep blues, orange, ochre, white and green, contains three important Jewish symbols—the Burning Bush, the Tablets of the Law and the Diaspora—all abstractly stated.





GUILT, PENANCE AND RELIGIOUS

Millard Meiss

DURING the summer months of 1348, more than half the inhabitants of Florence and Siena died suddenly of the bubonic plague. By September only some forty-five thousand of the ninety thousand people within the walls of Florence were still living; Siena was reduced from around forty-two thousand to fifteen thousand. Never before or since has any calamity taken so great a proportion of human life. The survivors were stunned. The Sienese chronicler, Agnolo di Tura, tells of burying his five children with his own hands. "No one wept for the dead," he says, "because everyone expected death for himself." For years the witnesses were haunted by memories of bodies stacked high in the streets and the unforgettable stench of flesh putrefying in the hot summer sun. Those fortunate few who were able to escape these horrible scenes were,

NOTE: This article is condensed from a chapter in the author's forthcoming book, *Painting in Florence and Siena After the Black Death*, to be published next month by Princeton University Press.

like Petrarch, overwhelmed by the loss of family and friends.

The years following the Black Death were the most gloomy in the history of Florence and Siena, and perhaps of all Europe. The writing of the period, like the painting, was pervaded by a profound pessimism and sometimes a renunciation of life. Though religious thought throughout the middle ages had dwelt on the brevity of life and the certainty of death, no age was more acutely aware of it than this. It was preached from the pulpits and set forth in paintings, both altarpieces and murals. In the predella below the Madonna by Giovanni del Biondo in the Vatican is a representation unprecedented in Tuscan art: a decayed corpse, consumed by snakes and toads; a bearded old hermit points to it, while a man and his dog recoil in terror. In the great fresco of around 1350 in the Camposanto at Pisa, Francesco Traini portrayed with intense feeling the suffering of the sick, the horror of rotting flesh and the sudden, unpre-



Opposite and above: Francesco Traini, *Triumph of Death*, c. 1330, fresco, Camposanto, Pisa: details

RAPTURE AFTER THE BLACK DEATH

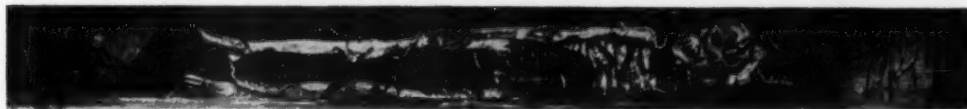
dictable coming of death. Although Traini added to his fresco an idyllic scene of the ideal contemplative life that banishes the fear of death and secures a triumph over it, it is the *Triumph of Death* that is painted with the greater urgency and gave its name, borrowed from Petrarch, to the entire composition. The same scene was painted shortly afterwards by Orcagna in S. Croce, Florence, as part of a cycle containing, as at Pisa, the Last Judgment and the tortures of Hell. Only a fragment of Orcagna's scene survives, showing several corpses and a few miserable creatures half alive who vainly implore Death to end their suffering. The cripples fix their eyes upon Death with a marvelously rapt

attention, and even the blind man seems to sense its presence.

The incidence of the plague—an undeniable triumph of death—was interpreted in various ways, some attributing it to astrological influences and others to the corruption of the air. But far more common was the belief that the Black Death, like the Biblical flood, was caused by God's wrath at the moral corruption of man. This opinion is reflected in several novel scenes of the Last Judgment painted in the wake of the epidemic.

In Tuscan representations of the Last Judgment in the late thirteenth and first half of the fourteenth century, Christ addresses both

Giovanni del Biondo, *Image of Corruption*, predella of altarpiece, c. 1370, Pinacoteca, Vatican





Francesco Traini, Last Judgment, c. 1350, fresco, Camposanto, Pisa

the blessed and the damned, welcoming one group and rejecting the other. He often manifests a special concern for the blessed by turning his eyes towards them, or, as in Giotto's fresco and one or two other works, his head or even his body. In several compositions after the middle of the century—probably beginning once again with the fresco cycle in Pisa—Christ's atti-

tude is radically different. For the first time in the Last Judgment he addresses the damned alone, turning on them with an angry mien, his arm upraised in a powerful gesture of denunciation. The Virgin beside him is also wholly preoccupied, though more compassionately, with the condemned, and the apostles are moved to pity and fear by the awesome sentence. One of the



Andrea Orcagna, fragment of Triumph of Death, c. 1360, fresco, S. Croce, Florence

archangels at the center of the composition expresses the inevitability and impartiality of the judgment; another cringes, terror-struck with a more human consternation.

In Italian and northern art of the fifteenth century the conception of an aroused God punishing mankind by pestilence often assumed the form of Christ hurling arrows at the world, like the thunderbolts of Jove. Though this image of the Savior did not appear in Tuscan art of the Trecento, arrows as symbols of pestilence occur in representations of St. Sebastian. This saint was invoked as an intercessor against plague as early as the seventh century. His cult was unimportant, however, at least in Tuscany, until after 1348. A few years later a relic was brought to Florence from Rome, and his figure began to appear frequently in Florentine painting. His martyrdom was painted also; in one of the earliest representations, a panel by Giovanni del Biondo now in the Opera del Duomo, Florence (probably the altarpiece commissioned by the bishop of Florence for the altar in the Cathedral where the relic of St. Sebastian was placed), the saint is riddled by dozens of arrows. He is a relentlessly tortured figure, blood dripping from from more than thirty wounds.

In the years following 1348, Florence and Siena were swept by reports of the imminence of a new disaster or the appearance of Antichrist. Dire prophecies were uttered and were widely believed. Doubtless their primary audience was the uneducated and the poor, but many who in less frightening times would have scoffed listened with heightened anxiety. In any event, the number of skeptics was very shortly reduced, for the plague struck again in 1363 and 1374.

Churches and religious societies were showered with bequests from people dying, or expecting to die, of the plague. The unusual size of the donations and their concentration all at one time resulted—at least in Florence—in an unprecedented accumulation. Villani estimates that the Company of Or San Michele, a society with religious, social and philanthropic functions, received the huge sum of 350,000 florins, attaining such spectacular wealth that Vasari two centuries later refers to it in his *Life of Orcagna*. A considerable part of this money was given to Orcagna for the splendid marble tabernacle that he made for the church of the fraternity. During the height of the epidemic S. Maria Novella received from Turino Baldesi the large sum of a thousand lire for painting "the story of the entire New Testament from beginning to end." It was perhaps at this time, too, that the Tornaquinci gave to the same church funds for the painting of the choir, undertaken shortly afterward by Orcagna. The Company of the Bigallo was greatly enriched by the epidemic and in 1352 undertook to build a new home, the Oratorio, that still stands near the Cathedral.



Giovanni del Biondo, St. Sebastian, detail of Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, c. 1365-70, Opera del Duomo, Florence

New hospitals were also founded with gifts from wealthy individuals.

Despite the ensuing economic stagnation and the intiation, such gifts did not cease. In the years immediately following the Black Death, Buonamico di Lapo Guidalotti, a Florentine merchant, whose wife had died of the plague, gave a considerable portion of his fortune to the Dominicans of S. Maria Novella for the construction of a new chapter-house—the "Spanish Chapel"—an unusually costly enterprise for one man. Just before his death in 1355 he added funds for the covering of its walls with frescoes, which were executed in 1366-67 by Andrea da Firenze.

In Siena the bequests of the stricken were smaller and apparently were not followed by large donations in subsequent years. The city was impoverished to a greater extent than Florence and its economy recovered very slowly, if ever, from the calamity. Barna and Bartolo di Fredi, the chief mural painters of the period, found work outside Siena, in S. Gimignano and Volterra. Construction of the great new cathedral was halted abruptly, never to be resumed. Though this fantastically ambitious project had to be abandoned, the fervor of the populace expressed itself in more modest building. Oratories and chapels were raised throughout the town.

The general feeling of fear, guilt and sorrow sought expression in other ways also. Although in 1300, when the jubilee was instituted, a holy year every hundred years had been envisaged, Clement VI yielded to requests from all stricken countries for a *perdono generale* and decided to proclaim one in 1350. Special indulgences were granted pilgrims to Rome. The number of these was extraordinary; Matteo Vil-



Interior of Spanish Chapel, S. Maria Novella, Florence, showing frescoes by Andrea da Firenze, 1366-67

lani wrote that on holy days there were in the city as many as a million visitors.

The throngs of pilgrims were preceded and accompanied by great congregations of Flagellants. These zealots were addicted to a form of self-chastisement which, from the mid-thirteenth century on, had occasionally swept through the Italian towns. After the plague they attracted unusually large numbers of adherents, not only because self-punishment offered a very tangible kind of penance but because they claimed a special heavenly intervention in their favor. They possessed a letter which they said was delivered by an angel on Christmas Day, 1348, shortly after the pestilence had subsided. It was addressed to the Flagellants by the Virgin Mary, and in it she stated that she had obtained from Christ a pardon for all their sins. Fortified with this document, groups of them set out for Rome, gathering converts along the way as they engaged in their frenzied but methodical practice of whipping themselves, all of them together, twice a day and once during the night for periods of thirty-three days on end—one day for each of Christ's years on earth. These violent exhibitions often led to public disorders, accompanied by a display of bitter anticlerical feeling. The town councils tried to control them, and in

October 1349 Pope Clement VI issued a bull prohibiting the Flagellants from assembling. By 1351 they were dispersed, but their practices persisted on a less spectacular scale. In Florence societies of *battuti* multiplied during the latter part of the century, and religious leaders such as St. Catherine scourged themselves privately.

A second group of zealots, confronting the Church with a far more serious and lasting challenge, likewise increased in numbers and influence. These were the Fraticelli, dissident Franciscans who descended from the Spirituals of the thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries. Committed to a strict interpretation of the ideas of St. Francis, especially with relation to property, they maintained that Christ and the apostles had had no possessions either individually or in common, and that therefore a denial of poverty was a denial of Christ. After Pope John XXII in a bold and decisive series of bulls issued from 1318 to 1324 declared this doctrine heretical, most of the Spirituals fled to regions less accessible than Tuscany to papal authority. But their ideas persisted, and from the 'forties on the extremist friars, now called Fraticelli, increased greatly in numbers, especially in Florence. This city, in fact, became a center of the sect in the third quarter of the century.

Their rise was facilitated by the residence of the popes in Avignon, which together with the notorious corruption of the Curia weakened ecclesiastical control in Italy. The authority of the Papacy and the Church, along with that of all institutions, was shaken also by the Black Death and the developing social conflicts. The Fraticelli, preaching a doctrine that had been declared heretical, now boldly claimed that Pope John XXII and his successors were heretics themselves. They rejected the sacraments offered by priests other than their own. Under the influence of the urban social and economic crisis, their original conception of the sinfulness of property tended to shift to a belief in the sinfulness of the rich and the justice of taking from them to give to the poor. These ideas were especially attractive to the oppressed wool-workers and the poorer artisans and shopkeepers; they provided a religious stimulus and sanction for their struggle for political rights and economic betterment. It is not surprising therefore that the great merchants, bankers and industrialists, once again in complete control of the government of Florence in 1382 and eager to please the pope, who protected their commerce abroad, immediately had the old laws against heresy re-enacted. And in 1389 one of the Fraticelli was burnt at the stake.

The ideas of an extremist group such as the Fraticelli were not likely to have affected directly an art so closely connected as that of the fourteenth century with the Church. Their zeal, however, quickened the religious life of the age, and I believe that we can discern their influence upon painting, no less important because it is indirect and in a sense even negative. The challenge which they, and to a lesser extent the Flagellants, presented to the ecclesiastical institutions provided one more stimulus for the affirmation of the authority of the Church that is so essential an aspect of the art of the time.

These heretical or heterodoxical movements represent only one—and a secondary—aspect of contemporary religious life. The majority of the people still expressed their devotion within the traditional patterns established by the Church. In Florence they were inspired chiefly by the great Dominican preacher, Jacopo Passavanti. Born in Florence at the beginning of the century, Passavanti became a preacher at S. Maria Novella in 1340 after a period of study and teaching in Paris and Rome. From the late 'forties on he was in charge of maintenance and construction, and from 1354 to his death in 1357 he served as prior. During this period the new church was completed, the Spanish Chapel was built, and funds were received for its frescoes. Orcagna, furthermore, painted the altarpiece of the Strozzi Chapel and his brother Nardo its walls, and the former may also have undertaken the mural cycle in the choir. Much of this activity was due to Passavanti's influence, and all of it was under his supervision.

Passavanti's thought has been preserved in a treatise called *The Mirror of True Penance*. In it he brought together in a systematic way ideas expressed in his sermons. They center on the necessity, or rather the urgency, of penitence, which he makes vivid for his contemporaries by numerous *esempi*—brief but highly colored images or stories interspersed through his more formal discourse. His thought and mood are closely related to contemporary painting. Man appears as a perpetual sinner, hovering in the shadow of death and judgment. His only hope lies in a mordant contrition that continually torments the spirit. Recalling the common experiences of 1348, Passavanti describes for his audience the frightful decay of human flesh—more odorous, he insists, than that of putrefying dogs or asses. He tells of skeptics who, uttering words of doubt, were struck by lightning and immediately reduced to ashes. He follows them to hell,



Andrea Orcagna,
Devil Biting Head,
detail of Last Judgment,
c. 1360, fresco,
S. Croce, Florence



Barna da Siena, *The Unrepentant Thief*, detail of Crucifixion, 1350-55, fresco, Collegiata, San Gimignano

lingering with their tortures and listening for their anguished shrieks, as though he were under the spell of Orcagna's fresco in S. Croce, where the faces of the damned are torn by the claws and teeth of wildly sadistic devils.

To Passavanti sin is a daemonic power and life a relentless struggle against it, grimly maintained because of fear of something worse. And in many paintings of the time, devils, the embodiments of guilt, become more prominent, aggressive and vengeful—attacking the lost souls in Orcagna's Hell, menacing the patriarchs in Andrea's Limbo and the unrepentant thief in Barna's *Crucifixion*—the most intense image of guilt and fear in the art of the fourteenth century. In the fresco of Limbo one devil munches ecstatically on a human head, and in Orcagna's Hell a group of them lacerate the faces and bodies of their victims.

Many of Passavanti's *esempi* are drawn from the eremitic life, a life that was actually exemplified in Florence at this time by the Beato Giovanni dalle Celle. Born of a noble Tuscan family around 1310, Giovanni entered the monastery of Vallombrosa before 1347, became abbot of S. Trinita in Florence in 1351 and shortly afterward retired to the *eremo delle celle* above Vallombrosa, where numerous disciples gathered around him.

Giovanni dalle Celle extended his influence beyond the circle of Vallombrosa to all of

Tuscany by an indefatigable correspondence. He addressed his letters, moral and hortatory in character, to friends and acquaintances, some of whom were members of the Florentine government, and he communicated with all the Tuscan religious leaders of the time.

As far as his own life was concerned, Giovanni was uncompromising; "we enter the world," he said, "by dying." His ardor was tempered by rational analysis and by consideration of the practical consequences of religious acts and beliefs. He was wary of ecstasy and visions, attributing them to pride. On the other hand, he admired St. Catherine and attacked her opponents; occasionally, however, his views differed sharply from hers, and on one occasion he even countered her advice. She had urged a young Florentine follower, Suora Domitilla, to join a crusade. Hearing of this, Giovanni wrote to caution her from undertaking the journey, pointing to the constant temptation to which travel with young men would expose her. He added, "If you have Christ in the sacrament of the altar . . . why would you abandon him to go see a stone?"

The differences between Giovanni and Catherine arise from dissimilar personalities and religious conceptions. In the relationship of these two figures we sense differences in the religious cultures of Florence and Siena that correspond to those in the realm of art. The devotion of all the leaders of the time, it is true, was distinguished by strenuousness, excitement and a sense of urgency. But there remains nevertheless a significant difference between Giovanni and Catherine, just as there is a difference between the stern, terrifying but logical preacher of S. Maria Novella or the discreet speculative hermit of Vallombrosa, and the impulsive, ecstatic and more essentially mystical figures of Siena. The Florentines exhibit self-denial, the Siennese self-abandon. In religion as in art the Florentines were inclined towards rationality and speculation, the Siennese towards an immediacy of sentiment and emotion.

The Beato Giovanni Colombini has remained in the shadow of his far greater and rather like-minded Siennese contemporary, Catherine, but his life gives us an uncommonly clear insight into many aspects of the religious sentiment of this troubled time. Colombini was a wealthy Siennese merchant. He held high political office, probably that of prior of the commune. In 1355, just two months after the fall of the government of the great merchants and bankers, Colombini suddenly dedicated himself to a different life. Haunted by guilt, he gave all his possessions to the poor, to the convent of Santa Bonda and to the Hospital of the Scala. His wife, eminently pious but not, in the salty words of his *quattrocento* Florentine biographer, Feo Belcari, "equally in love with poverty," reproved him for his abandon. When Colombini remon-

strated that she had always prayed for a greater charitableness on his part, she replied with a burgher's pungent sense of the proper and practical mean, "I prayed for rain, not for the Flood."

Colombini, wishing to deamean his former mode of life and to humiliate himself publicly, undertook manual labor in the Town Hall where formerly he had sat with the rulers. Together with the first of his followers he carried wood and water, cleaned the stairs and helped in the priors' kitchen. He had himself whipped in front of the Town Hall, and he sought to expiate his sense of guilt about his former business practices by asking his companions to shout accusations at him in the great piazza that he had sold poor grain high and bought good grain low. To growing audiences who watched him riding about the city on an ass he advocated democracy and, like the Fraticelli, the elimination of the privileges of the wealthy. Neither the Church nor the ruling Council of Siena, though now dominated by the smaller merchants and bankers together with shopkeepers and artisans, were sympathetic to these views. The government soon condemned him to perpetual exile as "a dangerous innovator, who might ruin the peace of families and cause a rebellion among the populace." Colombini went to Arezzo, but when the plague appeared for the second time, in 1363, so many Sieneese interpreted it as a sign of God's displeasure with the ban that it was hastily lifted and Colombini was recalled to the city. He continued to be opposed by both civil and ecclesiastical authorities, but the number of his followers increased in Siena and in the other Tuscan towns—Florence among them—where he preached. They all lived in a state of exaltation, identifying themselves with Christ and St. Francis and praying God to grant death and martyrdom. They urged the populace to shoulder the Cross of Christ, and this is the exhortation of Christ himself in a unique group of contemporary paintings in which the Child holds a cross and sometimes a scroll inscribed with the Gospel text: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

As Colombini and his followers moved about they sang mystical *laude*, some composed by members of the band. Though the group prayed for long hours, Colombini rejected the Mass and was intolerant of intermediation and formal worship. Like the extreme Spirituals and the Fraticelli, he was opposed to books and learning. He said that he was "burning with the love of the Holy Spirit"; the core of his faith was the conviction that the "fire of love" would renew the world. The wide acceptance of these views finally reversed the position of the Church. In 1367, a few days before Colombini died, his activity was approved by Pope Urban V. He was reluctantly welcomed as the founder of a new lay congregation, called the Gesuati, and his followers became its first members.



Andrea Vanni, *St. Catherine and a Follower*, c. 1380-85, fresco, S. Domenico, Siena

Colombini's life was to some extent a model for the youthful Catherine Benincasa, the last and greatest religious figure of the period and the only one who is generally known. Like Colombini, her religious impulses were stimulated by an acute sense of personal and human misery, deepened by the plague, inflation and poverty, the devastation of the countryside by marauding *condottieri*, and social and political conflicts in the commune. The youngest of the twenty-five children of a Sieneese dyer, she was only an infant at the time of the Black Death, but we know that at least one of her brothers died of the *mortalità* in 1363, two others in 1374, together with a sister and with eight of the eleven grandchildren in her mother's house. She buried all the latter herself. During the epidemics she was one of the few who moved about the city, helping to bury the dead, comfort the stricken, and on one occasion she was

said to have cured a dying victim—the rector of the Hospital of the Scala.

Catherine devoted herself at an early age to strenuous ascetic practices. At six or seven she began to have visions, and she showed so much independence and so firm a conviction of her religious insight and her mission that, like Colombini, she incurred the hostility of several ecclesiastical authorities in Siena. Though she became a Dominican tertiary in 1363-64, she wanted to live outside any fixed rule. Like Colombini, also, she formed a *cenacolo* or lay society, whose rule, she said, came straight from God.

Catherine's devotion, especially during these early years, assumed an intensity greater even than Colombini's. To Andrea of Lucca she wrote: "Drown you in the Blood of Christ, and may our own will die in all things." The Blood was an obsessive symbol for her, and almost every letter begins: "I write thee in the precious Blood of Jesus Christ." She enjoined her friends and followers to sacrifice themselves for the sins of humanity, and indeed one of the accusations of her opponents was that she had undertaken to do penance for others. Though she believed, with Passavanti, that sin had to be overcome with strenuous striving, it was not as for him a constant, oppressive, tormenting threat. She thought that knowledge of self, which everyone could gain by assiduous introspection, would reveal love. And love rather than penitence was essential to perfection.

Some of the ideas which Catherine advanced in her youth made her a controversial figure. Her visions were mistrusted, and she was openly attacked by several friars and clerics in positions of authority. In 1374 she was called to S. Maria Novella in Florence for interrogation by the provincial chapter of the Dominican Order, convened in the Spanish Chapel, frescoed a few years earlier by Andrea da Firenze. After an examination she was assigned a spiritual director, Raymond of Capua, a learned Dominican, who remained with her till her death. From about this time on, Catherine's career became more public, and her activities reached beyond Siena to Rome, Avignon and the whole of Italy. Opposed now to mere asceticism and contemplation, and preaching a militant Christianity, she advocated a crusade in the East and attempted to persuade the *condottiere* John Hawkwood to abandon his free-booting for generalship of the Christian forces. She tried to end the war between Florence and the pope, and her persistent attempt to induce the latter to quit Avignon for Rome is a familiar chapter in history.

St. Catherine, Giovanni dalle Celle, Colombini, Passavanti and several of their more inspired adherents compose an exceptional group of religious leaders. Indeed, they made the two decades immediately after the plague one of the most important moments in the religious history of central Italy. They communicated their ardor

to a people already made fervent by the trials and disasters of the time. We feel their influence in the spiritual intensity of contemporary painting, in its reversion—not without ambivalence and conflict—from the natural and the human to the unnatural and the divine. The mystical rapture of Colombini and Catherine is more evident in the painting of Siena; in Florentine art there is more of Passavanti's grim penance, of his insistence upon the curative power of good works and participation in the rites of the Church.

The zeal of these religious figures affected the Church and the orders as well as the laity, and it embodied itself in a series of lasting institutional innovations and reforms. This broad movement of reform was not caused simply by laxity in the orders and the desire of their leaders for a stricter observance. In the 'sixties and 'seventies the Church and the mendicant orders felt the necessity of redirecting and absorbing the intense religious impulses of the time, many of which had assumed forms independent of, or hostile to, ecclesiastical institutions. Thus in 1367 Pope Urban V, against the advice of several cardinals, transformed Colombini's group into the Gesuati. The moderate Spirituals among the Franciscans were accepted as the Osservanti in 1368, adhering closely to the original rule of St. Francis without reference to subsequent papal interpretations and dispensations. In 1370 the pope confirmed another new order, likewise with a strict rule—that of St. Bridget, the Swedish mystic who had been living in Rome since the end of the 'forties. And a few years later Catherine began the reform of the Preaching Friars. Her work was continued in a formal program launched shortly afterward by her spiritual director, Raymond of Capua, whom she had deeply influenced and who became general of the Dominican Order in 1390. These institutional innovations and changes are in themselves ample proof of the scope and intensity of the religious movements of the preceding years.

The role of the mendicant orders in these movements was greater than that of any other branch of the Church. They were much more active than the secular clergy, especially during the period of the "Babylonian captivity" of the popes, and they were in closer touch with the people, as indeed they had been for over a hundred years. The Dominicans, moreover, were more prominent than the Franciscans. They provided two of the leaders, Catherine and Passavanti. But it would be erroneous to understand the quickening of religious life as exclusively, or even primarily, a Dominican phenomenon. It was more broadly rooted, stimulated by the economic collapse, the plague and the general feeling of guilt and despair. It is clear, too, that Colombini and the Gesuati were inspired by Franciscan patterns of devotion, and that the dissident Franciscans, the Spirituals and the Fraticelli attracted widespread sympathy.

Similarly the more important paintings of the period were neither commissioned nor inspired by any one order or institution. Again the Dominicans are most conspicuous—three of the best surviving works are in the Strozzi and Spanish Chapels of S. Maria Novella. But Franciscan S. Croce can show a chapel frescoed by Giovanni da Milano and a collaborator, and fragments of a large cycle—the Triumph of Death, Last Judgment and Hell—by Orcagna. Orcagna, it is true, painted the choir of S. Maria Novella, too, but he also painted, according to Ghiberti, a chapel in S. Croce, two chapels in the Church of the Servites and the refectory of the Augustinian church of S. Spirito—all but the last now lost. His great sculptured tabernacle was made for the company of Or San Michele. In Siena itself nothing comparable to these Florentine works has come down to us, and indeed little monumental painting was originally undertaken. The large cycles by Barna and Bartolo di Fredi are in S. Gimignano, in the Collegiata and the church of S. Agostino.

In one form or another the religious revival of the third quarter of the century pervaded the various levels of society and the numerous orders or lay bodies existing within, or on the margins of, the organized Church. What we hear of the size of these religious groups proves that the masses of the people were included. The participation of the well-to-do is indicated by the social status of the leaders and their closest followers. St. Catherine, the daughter of a dyer, belonged to a lower middle-class family. In her

immediate circle of some fifteen or twenty disciples there were nine members of the most prominent Siennese noble families and two of the greater guild of the judges and notaries. Another of her adherents was the painter Andrea Vanni. In Florence she won followers in all classes: the center of the group was Francesco di Pipino, a tailor and a recent immigrant from S. Miniato al Tedesco. Jacopo Passavanti came from an old and eminent Florentine family, Giovanni dalle Celle from the nobility. Colombini was a merchant and banker, one of the Siennese oligarchy. Of the leading Flagellanti and Fraticelli we know almost nothing, but probably more of them originated in the lower middle class or among the workers in the woolen industry.

Not all the populace responded to the events of the 'forties and 'fifties with increased devotion. That "unexpected and marvelously contrary direction" described by Matteo Villani—religious indifference, and what seemed to him immorality and irresponsibility—persisted for many years. Within the religious orders themselves we hear of a widespread laxity. The plague, joined by the other disturbances, tended in fact to polarize society towards strenuous religiosity on the one hand and moral and religious dissidence on the other. The culture of the time is characterized by a heightened tension between the two. They constitute a kind of dialectic that is reflected in the conflicts of contemporary painting, giving a more highly charged polemical and evangelical meaning to its celebration of the Church, the ritual and the priest.



Andrea Orcagna,
John the Baptist,
detail of Strozzi
Altarpiece, 1354-57,
S. Maria Novella, Florence

REMINISCENCE AND REVERIE



Electric Night, 1944, tempera, 13 x 17½", Seattle Art Museum

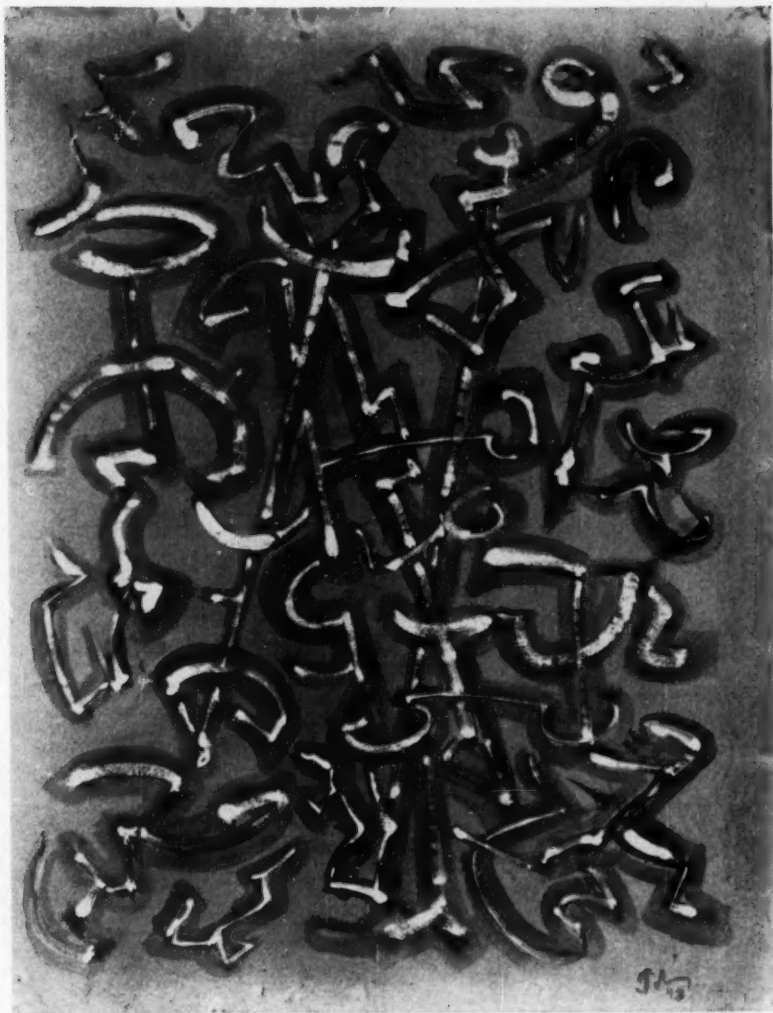
ON the third floor of Manning's Coffee Shop in the Farmers' Market in Seattle confronting the Sound, the windows are opaque with fog. Sitting here in the long deserted room, I feel suspended—enveloped by a white silence.

Two floors below, the farmers are bending over their long rows of fruit and vegetables; washing and arranging their produce under intense lights shaded by circular green shades. Above, where I sit, the world seems obliterated from all save memory; abstracted without the feeling of being divorced from one's roots.

My eye keeps focusing upon the opaque windows. Suddenly the vision is disturbed by the shape of a gull floating silently across the width of window. Then space again.

In opposing lines to the gull's flight, the Sound moves northward through the Inland Passage; ALASKA. Named by the Indians, "The Great Country." The name eats with a neon intensity in my mind. It is true that trains run daily out of Seattle to points East and South, but my mind takes but little cognizance of this fact. To me Seattle seems pocketed. There is only one

BY MARK TOBEY



Transit, 1948, tempera, 24 1/2 x 18 1/2", Metropolitan Museum of Art, photograph Adolph Studly

way out: ALASKA, towards the North! Swerving to the left, there is the Orient, although in San Francisco I feel the Orient rolling in with the tides. My imagination, it would seem, has its own geography.

In Portland one must go East or South; there is very little West from Portland. There is no Alaska from Portland. The pioneers there must have moved differently from here.

"How is Alaska now?"

"Changing fast."

"But the people. . ."

"Oh, they're wonderful, but the old way of living can't last much longer."

Do you wish to go to Alaska, farther away from the roots of European culture? The Northwest is closer. To go there would mean more teaching, more lectures. There would be endless paintings of dogs and favorite spots, and more uplift work. Uplift work begins when you leave Grand Central Station.

"My little boy, he's only six. . ."

"Yes, yes. I know all children are gifted. . ."

"But we thought that if we could find a teacher. . . ."

"Just give him materials and be interested in art yourselves."

A night in London with forty years behind me in America, my land with its great East-West parallels, with its shooting-up towers and space-eating lights—millions of them in the vast night sky. I traversed this country by train, the Atlantic by boat—pivoted in London and awoke in a pastoral landscape. Surely it seemed that Pan still lived behind the old oak trees where in the evening the white owls flew soundlessly.

England is small, and America large, but any American who stays long enough in England will sense the mysticism that pervades the land, and will seek a cottage hidden from all save the sky and earth. Turner remembered.

England collapses, turns Chinese with English and American thoughts. Thousands of Chinese characters are turning and twisting; every door is a shop. The rickshaws jostle the vendors, their backs hung with incredible loads. The narrow streets are alive in a way that Broadway isn't alive. Here all is human, even the beasts of burden. The human energy spills itself in multiple forms, writhes, sweats and strains every muscle towards the day's bowl of rice. The din is terrific.

All is in motion now. A design of flames encircles the quiet Buddha. One step backward into the past and the tree in front of my studio in Seattle is all rhythm, lifting, springing upward!

I have just had my first lesson in Chinese brush from my friend and artist Teng Kwei. The

tree is no more a solid in the earth, breaking into lesser solids bathed in chiaroscuro. There is pressure and release. Each movement, like tracks in the snow, is recorded and often loved for itself. The Great Dragon is breathing sky, thunder and shadow; wisdom and spirit vitalized.

"The evening river is level and motionless."

Wisconsin is far away. The Wisconsin in my mind is often very far away. It comes back sometimes by itself like a wandering dog.

It is Fall. The leaves are being raked under the great elms darkening in the evening light. Slowly they become weighted with darkness. Across the river they are burning the grass on the Minnesota bluffs. Myriads of colored streamers reflect in the river below.

The cave is hard to reach, but from the opening one looks down upon the Mississippi a mile wide and islanded in the center. Between the cave and the river are the Indian mounds; rounded forms full of fantastic objects never found. They are burned hard and brown in the August sun, but in the Spring, the first crocus will unfurl itself there. To the north is Trempealeau Bay where lives the Egyptian yellow lotus, and to the south a chain of seven lakes. At night through the screen window the train on the Minnesota side looks like a child's toy. Its windows are small light squares linked to light squares moving towards Winona.

The train is gone. The night breathes in silence—breathes to the moon, to space mysterious and tantalizing. We artists must learn to breathe more, also.

Universal Field, 1949, tempera, 28 x 44", Whitney Museum of American Art, photograph Adolph Studly





Pacific Transition, 1943, tempera, 23 3/4 x 31", collection Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., St. Louis, photograph J. H. Schaefer

You are you whether walking backward or forward. The artist is a part of the still-life. The apples are wax. The plates painted paper. The apples look real in the painting.

"We look at the mountain to see the painting, then we look at the painting to see the mountain."

"You are too mystical."

"What supremely rational person can keep from going to sleep?"

This is the age of words, and the age of the fear of words.

"Suddenly a wave carries the moon away."

Two men dressed in white jeans with white caps on their heads are climbing over a large sign of white letters. Of course, the words spell something, but that's unimportant. What is important is their white, and the white of the letters.

The loop is small in the beginning, but widens with the strength of the arm. Horizons are small or vast. It sometimes takes several centuries for the light of an El Greco to be seen.

Our mind is a night sky.

Harrison Fisher and Howard Chandler Christy, these two stars and others like them lighted my steps as a young man in Chicago. The Gibson Girl was beginning to fade out, but I can still see her in the moon. A little later, Remington flashed like a comet before my eyes. Soon my eyes began to discern others, as the stately stars

of the renaissance swung into view.

The light grew dazzling and confusing as I found *Simplicissimus* and *Jugend* unfolding Lembach, von Stuck, Leo Putz and others, while Sorolla and Zuloaga moved circularly into Chicago, and out again. Hal's brush was lashed to Sargent's as the "handling bug" bit deeply into all those like myself. Leyendecker for sheer technique took the cake.

But there was escape, too, even in those days, for there was Whistler living in the gray mists with a faded orange moon. The nocturne transformed itself into dreamy rooms with Chopin's music creating a mood that softened the hard core of self. Bohemia reigned even in Chicago, and a good reign it was. The titanic!

The paths were clear, or so they seemed in those days. To be a millionaire, the President of the United States, or an artist was to take the pilgrimage to the Mecca of all painting—PARIS!

The imagination can be murdered without sentence; done away while learning to embalm. The walls are hung with painted corpses. Even a street scene or still-life can be one. Why don't art schools have classes on how to remain aware?

I found myself suddenly annoyed when in Japan at the Nara Museum—all the titles were in Japanese. Being a Japanese or an American is at best a mysterious affair. Babies are born, no doubt,

with a universal potential. Alas, the ancestors live in the parents. In China they worship their ancestors. The graves of the farmer class lie in the field as the blue-clad farmer plows nearby.

In the West we worship our ancestors' bureaus; their commodores and old chairs. "It was my great-great-grandfather's," he said, carefully covering it again, and putting it away in the red plush box.

The Mississippi flows through the nights—through the days. Forever in my time an old hay-rack loaded almost beyond recognition moves slowly up the soft dusty road. I will await its lumbering presence to say, "Hello," to old man Nichols perched high above the straining horses. His hat is pulled down to shade his eyes from the late afternoon sun. He'll hardly turn his head as he passes, but I'll hear the soft, hollow "Hello."

Wisconsin is before Chicago, and Harrison Fisher is before Michelangelo. To rediscover the past is to move forward. There is no surcease when we constantly destroy what we have built. The future is carved with the implements we created before it was upon us. The past offers

the art student different roads, all converging towards his present. Today's present appears different, more confusing; voices cry from all quarters. It used to be dangerous to know. Today it's dangerous not to know. What was close and established must now make room for newcomers. There is much groaning and some growls. Art, forever free, seeks freedom from man's tyranny.

The arts of the Far East are being brought to our shores, as perhaps never before. The Pacific hiatus is closing. The Oriental is no longer a slant-eyed mystery living in a dim and remote past. The old line of the migrations is completing the circle. The snake has seen its own tail.

He was a Japanese and had a shop in San Francisco before the last war.

"When I was very young," he said, "my mother would awaken me early in the morning and we would go into the garden to hear the morning-glories open."

Cherry bloom and dignitary.

"Thou was not made for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down."

NOTE: All paintings reproduced are included in the Mark Tobey Retrospective, current at the Whitney Museum Oct. 4th–Nov. 4th. This exhibition, based on one originated by the Palace of the Legion of Honor at San Francisco, has been seen in smaller versions at the Henry Gallery, University of Washington and the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. *Pacific Transition*, *Electric Night* and *Transit* are reproduced courtesy of the Willard Gallery, as is *Ancestral Island*, 1947 (cover; not in show).



Self Portrait, 1950, pastel,
23 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 17 $\frac{1}{8}$ ", collection of the artist,
courtesy California Palace of the Legion of Honor

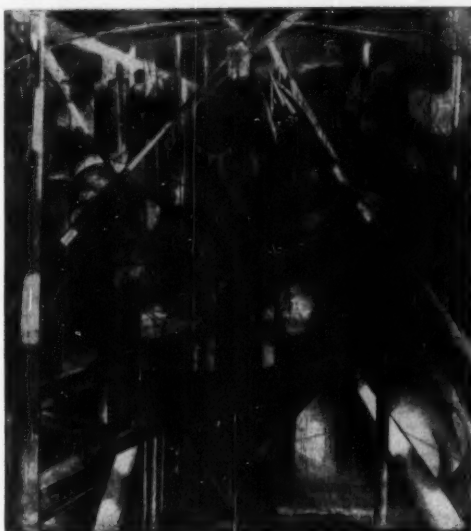
THE MACHINE AND THE SUBCONSCIOUS: *Dada in America*

John I. H. Baur

AT NO time in our history has subject matter been of minor concern to most American artists. The discovery of native landscape and genre in the nineteenth century, like the discovery of industrial America in the twentieth, released new waves of feeling and new formal experiments in which to embody them. Not all innovations in form have grown, of course, from the exploration of new subjects, nor have the latter always produced formal consequences of importance. But it has often been true that great changes in our art seem to be linked with the examination of new aspects of nature or life. The shifting field of the creative vision in the last half century tells us much, therefore, of the history of our modern art, though it is only one part of a complex development.

Among several revolutionary subjects which affected American art early in the present century, the discovery of the machine had perhaps the widest ramifications. In one phase this was a discovery of the beauty in the machine, and in those related functional forms of our industrial civilization such as the bridge and the grain elevator—a beauty of polished and smoothly working parts which came to symbolize for a number of our painters and sculptors, and for even more of our architects, the distinctive quality of our modern age.

The perception of this kind of beauty was not entirely a twentieth-century discovery. In 1856 Samuel Atkins Eliot had written: "Mathematics and machinery are not usually enumerated among the fine arts, properly so called, but . . . the lines and figures drawn by the scientific engineer often show the very curves which the artist calls lines of beauty," and he ranked our clipper ships and bridges "among the finest specimens of the *fine arts* which the world has to show." Earlier in the same decade Horatio Greenough had also perceived that functionalism



Joseph Stella, *Brooklyn Bridge*, 1917-18, oil, 84 x 76", collection Société Anonyme, Yale University Art Gallery

and honest engineering lay very close to the heart of architectural quality. But it was not until recent years that the machine became the central concern of the painter's brush. When it did so it was adopted by two very different groups of artists for quite different reasons. The first took it seriously, the second as a caustic joke.

The worship of the machine for its own sake was first promulgated by the Italian futurists, whose manifestoes of 1909 and 1910 exalted the speed and impersonal power of the train, the airplane and the automobile, and whose paintings attempted to capture the motion and force of these rather than the precision and relation of their parts. It is a curious fact, however, that the artists of the Italian futurist movement, despite their theoretic adulation of the machine, often reverted to traditional subject matter. For example, Boccioni's finest sculpture—*Unique Forms of Continuity in Space*—depicts a human figure; one of his most ambitious compositions in paint-

NOTE: This article is based upon two chapters from the author's forthcoming book, *Revolution and Tradition in Modern American Art* (copyright, 1951, by the President and Fellows of Harvard College, to be published this month by Harvard University Press.



Umberto Boccioni, *States of Mind, II: Those Who Go*, 1911, oil, 27 1/8 x 37 1/8", collection Nelson Rockefeller, New York, courtesy Museum of Modern Art

ing—*The City Rises*—has as its central motive a rearing horse. Similarly, Carlo Carrà chose as the subject of one of his largest pictures the funeral of an assassinated political figure, the anarchist Galli. But as futurism spread to America, there seems to have been a rising emphasis on machinery for its own sake, as might have been expected in a country far more developed industrially than Italy. Such men as Joseph Stella evolved here an iconography which, though preserving the essentially romantic character of Italian futurism, paid heed not only to mechanical forms but at times to these forms in their most grandiose aspects. Stella's *Brooklyn Bridge* is a long cry, technologically speaking, from such a picture as Boccioni's *Dynamism of a Cyclist*.

Unlike the cubists and many other abstract painters, the futurists were deeply concerned with their subject matter. In New York's scrapers, bridges, subways and "els," the American members of the movement found the dynamic symbols of our machine age. Their feeling for the city was curiously linked with that of the Eight, but while the latter were exploring the intimate human aspects of New York, the former were concerned with its total impact on the senses, its pace and rhythm as a unit. Yet both approached it in an equally romantic spirit. "To realize this towering imperative vision," wrote Stella of his 1917-18 picture, *Brooklyn Bridge*, "I lived days of anxiety, torture and delight alike, trembling all over with emotion. . . . Upon the swarming darkness of the night, I rung all the bells of alarm with the blaze of electricity scattered in lightnings down the oblique cables, the dynamic pillars of my composition, and to render more pungent the mystery of my metallic apparition, through the green and red glare of the signals I excavated here and there caves as subterranean passages to infernal recesses."

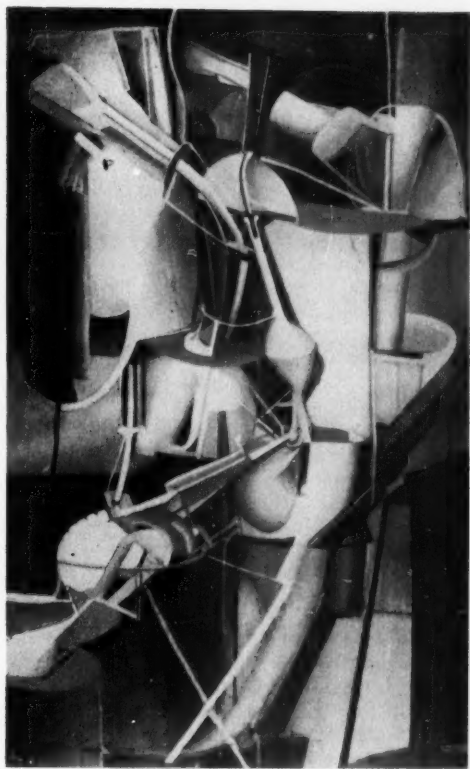
This romantic conception of the city and the machine was shared by several painters outside the futurist group.

"I see great forces at work," wrote John Marin in a much quoted catalogue note on his early New York watercolors, "great movements; the large buildings and the small buildings; the warring of the great and the small; influences of one mass on another greater or smaller mass. . . . While these powers are at work pushing, pulling, sideways, downwards, upwards, I can hear the sound of their strife and there is great music being played."

It was, however, the abstract design of the machine, rather than its dynamism, which appealed to the largest group of artists both here and abroad, particularly to those like Léger in France, Belling in Germany, the Russian constructivists and, in this country, such painters as Morton Schamberg, Lyonel Feininger, Charles

John Marin, *Woolworth Building No. 3*, 1913, etching, 12 1/8 x 10 1/8", courtesy Museum of Modern Art





Marcel Duchamp, *The Bride*, oil, 1912,
Louise and Walter Arensberg Collection,
Philadelphia Museum of Art

Demuth, Stuart Davis, and the large group known as the Immaculates. But even their far less romantic and essentially formal approach was tinged with some of the futurists' emotion and shared, to some extent, the latter's acceptance of the machine as a symbol of modernity.

There was nothing either romantic or esthetic in the treatment of the machine by yet another group of painters whose use of mechanical forms was only a small part of their revolutionary subject matter. These were the Dadaists and their later followers, the surrealists, who turned their attention to the world of the fantastic, the irrational and the depths of the subconscious mind. While the two movements were somewhat different in character, they were both professedly anti-esthetic and concerned with the content of their art rather than its form. Both were international movements in which Americans took some part, but neither established in this country the rather rigid organizations which, abroad, defined and maintained the "purity" of their aims. We may note for the record that Dada was officially born in Zurich in 1916, expiring about 1922, and that surrealism as a movement was announced in Paris in 1924. We will

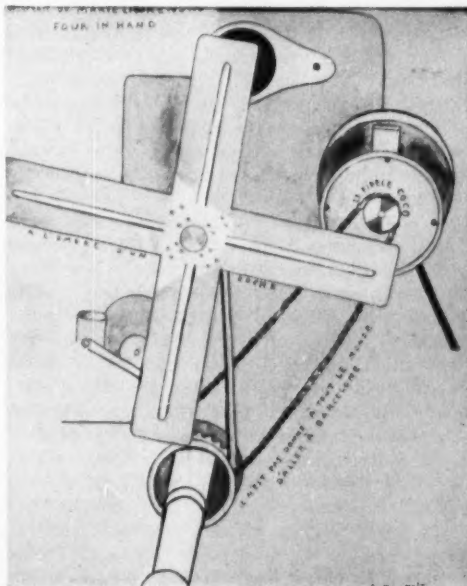
find, however, that the spirit of both was manifest in America from early in the twentieth century and perhaps even before.

The "delicious malaise" which was Dada was thought at first, writes Georges Hugnet, "to be an artistic and literary movement or a *mal du siècle*. But Dada was the sickness of the world," a sickness born of disillusion in the first World War, of disgust with man as a rational or moral creature, an apotheosis of futility, the accidental, the deliberately shocking and bizarre.

One of Dada's most characteristic manifestations was the conception of man as a machine without will or meaning. This had been oddly prefigured in America by what Van Wyck Brooks calls the "mechanistic philosophy" of Mark Twain, born of his private despair, which led him to refer frequently to man as "a mere coffee mill" or "sewing machine." The anti-esthetic result of Clemens' denial of free will was also close to Dada in spirit: "Man originates nothing," he wrote, "not even a thought . . . Shakespeare could not create. He was a machine, and machines do not create."

This, however, was coincidental. The machine types which became characteristic of Dada were established between 1912 and 1914, chiefly by Marcel Duchamp in Paris. His *The Bride* became the prototype of the fantastic machine with its juxtaposition of mechanical and biological forms, while his first "ready-made," an ordinary bottle rack to which he signed his name, set the type for the unaltered machine divorced from its normal function and incongruously displayed as a work of art.

Francis Picabia, *Portrait of Marie Laurencin*, c. 1917,
water color, courtesy Rose Fried Gallery



These influences reached New York with the arrival of Francis Picabia in 1913 and of Duchamp himself in 1915, even before Dada was officially born. Here they found a kindred spirit in the brilliant Jewish critic and poet Benjamin De Casseres, who had already written in 1913: "Sanity and simplicity are the prime curses of civilization . . . a kind of lunacy wherein a fixed idea blankets the brain and smooths the admirable incoherence of life to a smug symmetry and proportion. . . . We should mock existence at each moment, mock ourselves, mock others, mock everything by the perpetual creation of fantastic and grotesque attitudes, gestures and

"R. Mutt" (Marcel Duchamp), *La Fontaine*, 1917, photograph Alfred Stieglitz, courtesy Museum of Modern Art



attributes"—a statement which might well have served as a Dada manifesto. In New York, too, a year earlier, Marius de Zayas had attacked modern art from a characteristically Dada point of view: "The modern artist is the prototype of consciousness. He works premeditatedly. He is an eclectic in spirit and an iconoclast in action." And he concluded, as the Dadaists were to do, "Art is dead."

De Casseres and De Zayas were both closely associated with Alfred Stieglitz, whose "291" gallery and whose magazine *Camera Work* had for several years been pioneering in the exhibiting and publicizing of modern art. Picabia was soon attached to the Stieglitz group (he was given an exhibition in 1913) and was active in founding another publication known as *291*, which first appeared in March, 1915. For this he did a series of witty portraits in the manner of the most precise mechanical drawings. Stieglitz, being a photographer, appeared as a camera; de Zayas, the caricaturist, as a pump surmounted by a corset; Picabia himself, who was fond of racing cars, as an automobile horn. A *Young American Girl in a State of Nudity* was an un-

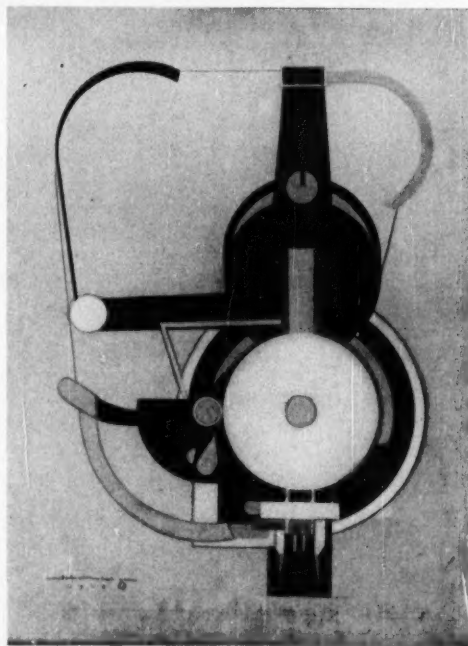
adorned drawing of a spark plug which looked suspiciously as if it had been cut from a catalogue of automobile parts.

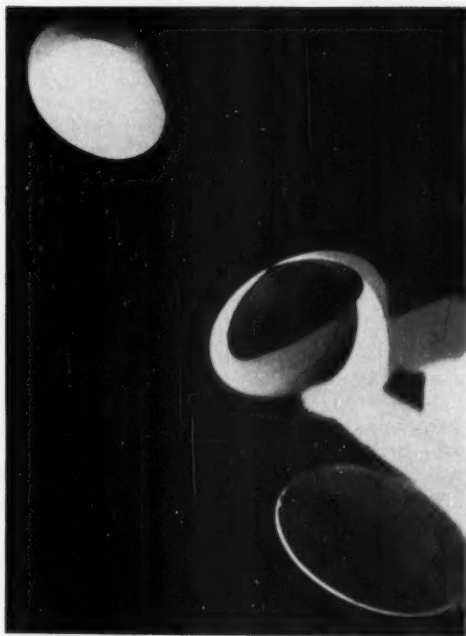
There seems little doubt of Picabia's Dadaist intentions in these drawings, for he had earlier launched in *Camera Work* a movement called Amorphism embodied in totally blank pictures bearing only the signature Popaul Picador, an equally Dadaist gesture. The drawings also seem closely related to Duchamp's readymades, which the latter continued to "produce" in this country, his most famous being the white porcelain urinal which he signed "R. Mutt" and submitted under the title *La Fontaine* to the first exhibition of the Independents in 1917.

Since Dada was not named until 1916 and was virtually unknown here before the 1920's, it is not surprising that these early manifestations by visiting Europeans were either dismissed as lunacy, as in Duchamp's case, or misinterpreted in the instance of Picabia's drawings, which were taken by Paul Haviland to embody the idea that "man has made the machine in his own image," and that "having made her superior to himself, he endows the superior beings which he conceives in his poetry and in his plastique with the qualities of machines"—a conception more in keeping with futurist philosophy, and one which would later, to some extent, color the feeling of the American Immaculates.

Aside from such peripheral effects, Dada had little direct influence on American painting.

Morton Schamberg, *Machine*, 1916, oil, 30 1/8 x 22 3/4", collection Société Anonyme, Yale University Art Gallery





Man Ray, Rayograph, 1922, Museum of Modern Art

Charles Demuth acknowledged a debt to Duchamp, and Picabia's machines may have suggested to Morton L. Schamberg some elements in his mechanical compositions, but today the work of both these Americans seems closer to the Immaculates than to Dada. In spite of various later publications in this country such as Duchamp's *the blind man* and *Wrong-Wrong* or Picabia's and Walter Arensberg's *391*, Dada attracted only one distinguished American follower, the painter and photographer Man Ray, much of whose life has been spent in Paris where he produced without the use of a camera his extraordinary "rayographs." With Duchamp, Man Ray published in America in 1921 one issue of *New York Dada*, which claimed Rube Goldberg as a kindred spirit for his cartoons of complex and miraculous gadgets. An article "Pug Debs Make Society Bow" also implicated the painters Marsden Hartley and Joseph Stella, although there is no evidence that their work was ever affected by the movement. They may have flirted with it as the sculptor Archipenko did in the same year when he designed a witty advertisement in *The Arts* for the "ARCHIE PEN CO."

Perhaps Dada's truest exponents in this country, however, were men who were totally unaware of the existence of such a movement, but who were sensitive in their own way to the general disillusion which followed the war. Charles Burchfield, discharged from the army in 1919, wrote later of his work at this time: "There

followed a period of degeneracy in my art that I have never been able to explain. . . . I later destroyed all the painting of this period . . . viewed from any angle whatsoever, there is not a single redeeming feature about them—and I may add that the vagaries of the Da-da school were nothing compared to mine at this time, though I had never heard of Da-daism then."

The same spirit gave birth to an obscure movement, largely forgotten since nothing was ever written concerning it, but remarkably similar to Dada in some respects. Founded by Holger Cahill about 1920, even its name, Inje-Inje, had something of the same nonsensical cadence as Dada though it bore more significance in relation to the purpose of the movement.

Inje, Cahill had read in a book by a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, was the only word in the language of a South American tribe of Indians, who managed however to communicate a wide range of meanings through different inflections of the word accompanied by various gestures. His movement proposed to return the arts to a comparable simplicity, to cut away the superstructure of our cultural refinements and discover the basic and most direct forms of human expression. Painting, for instance, was to be reduced primarily to horizontal and vertical forms, though not in as rigid a manner as the Dutch painters of *De Stijl* evolved nor even necessarily abstract.

In so far as Inje-Inje proposed a serious esthetic program, it was contrary to the spirit of Dada and more closely related to the cubists' earlier rediscovery of primitive art. But Inje-Inje was only half, or perhaps three-quarters, serious. Bizarre and deliberately shocking elements gave a true Dada flavor to many of Cahill's proposals. Concerts were planned using only percussion instruments, such as African signal drums and a primitive Philippine "flute" with a range of two notes when struck on the wrist. Theatrical performances were to have been presented by actors in blank masks, nude except for mitts and G-strings.

Inje-Inje lasted for only two or three years and had relatively little effect on American painting, although Mark Tobey and Alfred Maurer were both involved, William Gropper and John Sloan to a lesser extent. Frank Overton Colbert, a Chickasaw Indian, was one of the most active painters in the group. Robert Henri was opposed but is said to have told Sloan later that there was perhaps something in it. Several Inje-Inje poems were written by Malcolm Cowley and Orrick Johns, but there were never funds for the projected magazine and most of Cahill's program was unrealized. Nevertheless it remains one of the most significant manifestations of post-war unrest in this country, its mixture of constructive and destructive elements more characteristic of America's underlying optimism than was the more thoroughly nihilistic spirit of Dada.

A MURAL BY WILSON BIGAUD

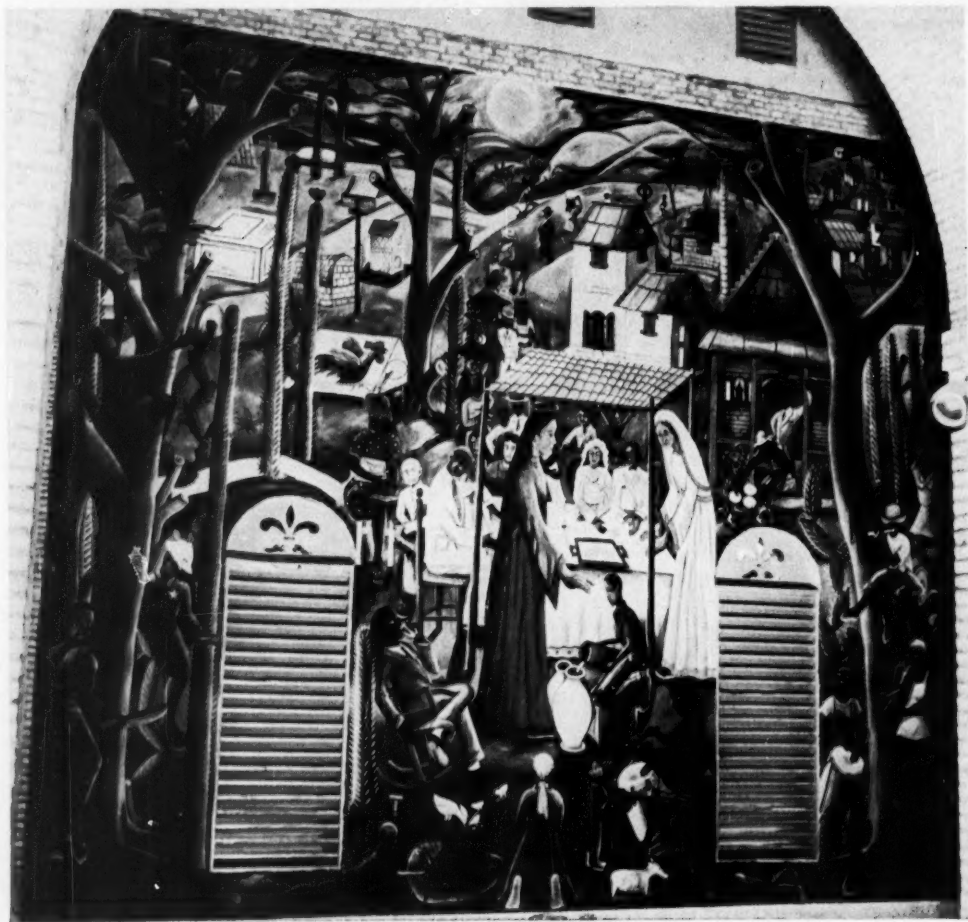
Selden Rodman

THE huge *Miracle of Cana* which twenty-two-year old Wilson Bigaud painted on a wall of the south transept of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral in Port-au-Prince last winter is only one of thirteen murals that now adorn what has become the shrine of Haitian popular painting—a contemporary artistic landmark rivaled in this hemisphere only by the work of the Mexicans of a generation ago. In the December, 1950, issue of *Harper's Bazaar*, I described the painting

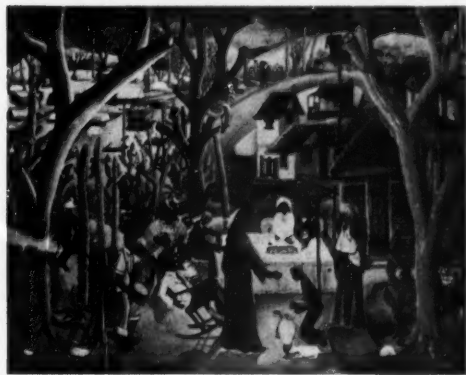
of the apse of the cathedral by Obin, Benoit, Bazile and Levêque and will therefore devote this article to Bigaud's masterpiece. The dramatic circumstances of its creation also entitle it to this special attention.

To place the mural and its creator in some perspective, it may be helpful to review briefly the short but dazzling history of Haitian painting. The movement began in 1944 when DeWitt Peters, an American, opened the Centre d'Art in

Miracle of Cana, 1951, mural, 22 x 24', Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, Port-au-Prince, Haiti



Port-au-Prince. Two years later, André Breton carried a dozen paintings—most of them by Hector Hyppolite, the artist-*vodun* priest—to Paris, where they became the sensation of the international UNESCO show. When I was writing the story of the first four years, *Renaissance in Haiti* (New York, Pellegrini & Cudahy, 1948), Wilson Bigaud, although he had been painting for only a few months, was already noteworthy among the “primitives” for his realism and for a tendency to portray scenes of native violence and the macabre. His facility in casting highlights—and overly moon-drenched highlights—on the more “picturesque” aspects of peasant life led me to express a fear that his vitality might degenerate into the sentimental; and today this danger is still apparent in many of his small pictures, and even in the upper reaches of his great mural. Yet he has been saved thus far by the very power of his imagination, which has enabled him to invent valid stylistic short-cuts, rather than by any consciousness of a borderline



Miracle of Cana, 1951, oil on panel, 16 x 20", preparatory study for mural

between legitimate “shock quality” and “bad taste” such as would be operative in a more sophisticated environment.

The *Miracle of Cana*, while by no means Bigaud's first mural, may be termed his first successful one. Under the direction of William Calfee, whom I had invited to Port-au-Prince in 1949 to give preliminary instruction in tempera technique, Bigaud painted on a four-sided pier in the basement of the Centre d'Art a competent but purely decorative quartet of native dancers. Later in the same year he executed a large carnival scene, gay but undistinguished in color or composition, for one of the new Bicentennial Exposition buildings, and two very mediocre panels for the hastily improvised decoration of the new wing of the Pan American airport. But not until a deliberate effort was made to get him to synthesize the best features of his most suc-

cessful easel pictures did Bigaud realize, with the *Miracle*, his great potentialities.

This brings up the delicate question of “guidance” in the Haitian mural experiment. Alfred Voegeli, the courageous Bishop of Haiti and the Dominican Republic, and master of St. Trinité, dictated only the themes to be treated in particular areas of the church, while the generous patron in New York who contributed the money to carry out the second winter's work preferred to remain entirely anonymous. But an attitude of complete *laissez-faire* would probably have resulted in the muralists' debasing their styles by copying as best they could those cheap religious chromolithographs dear to the public. I therefore insisted that the themes be presented in terms of Haitian life, and that each artist in his murals draw upon the characteristics of his best pictures. Thus for example Préfét Du Faut, who had painted supremely well two subjects—the streets of his native Jacmel flattened maplike against the tumbling mountains, and the *vodun* goddess of love balanced upon the dome of a mosque—was assigned a religious procession, and the *Temptation of Christ by Satan* on the pinnacle of the Temple. Toussaint Auguste, whose reputation rested on his childlike but wonderfully precise barnyard processions, was a natural for the *Flight into Egypt*. Bazile, whose monumental work had recently encompassed a series of golden-brown nudes, undertook the *Baptism of Christ*, which it was suggested should be set in the half-light of a waterfall. Two photographs from *Renaissance in Haiti*—a *vodun* ceremony under the cascades of Saut d'Eau at Mirebalais and a snapshot of a woman singing while washing her clothes in the river bed—established the mood. Fernand Pierre, succumbing to the influence of the academic Haitian impressionists, had not painted a first-rate picture in two years; yet by recalling the flat patterns of unmixed color and the magic of precisely rendered Port-au-Prince architecture in his early *Old Mill at Mon Repos*, he was able to achieve a magnificent *Visitation*. Obin's *Last Supper* unfortunately failed to realize the harmonies of color attained in his *Crucifixion* of the previous winter.

Though the space assigned to Bigaud, a wall measuring five hundred and twenty-eight square feet and pierced by two windows, was by far the largest and presented the most problems, the artist never wavered in his execution. Intelligent enough to accept wholeheartedly the idea of assimilating his earlier work, he was constantly improving upon the old formulas as he painted methodically downwards from the lunar mountains at the top, through the figures grouped around the marriage ceremony at the center, to the large details in the shadowy lower foreground.

Previously Bigaud had painted with unusual enthusiasm scenes of native life, all conceived by night in heavy jungle shadow. His characteristic graveyards provided the subject



Musicians, detail of *Miracle of Cana*

matter of the upper left quarter of the *Miracle at Cana*—though this time, of course, without the accompanying diabolism of the zombi. Descending from that area, around the oily yellow-green-black trunk of one of the giant trees which were used to bind the edges of the vast composition to the light above and the shadows below, cock thieves ply their nocturnal chase, just out of

reach of the mountain constabulary. Stealing cocks, and the more obscure crimes committed in the forest in such a picture as the one acquired last winter by the Museum of Modern Art, have been among the most successful of Bigaud's recent subjects. The central group of the mural with its contributory wealth of folk documentation recalls the *vodun* sacrifices or hilarious wakes which Bigaud had favored in 1948-49. On the extreme right, as a kind of philosophical balance to the forces of evil and death symbolized on the left, musicians singing and playing every native instrument from the *vaccine* and the *Petro* drum to the conch-shell and the flute come down the mountainside to serenade the newlyweds—reminiscent of the



Charcoal drawing of Musicians, detail of *Miracle of Cana*

artist's frequent treatment of *Ra-Ra*, the traditional Lenten festival of the country lanes. One detail, the man cooking manioc-cakes on the stoop above the marriage *tonnelle*, was suggested by a photograph I had taken the week before of such a typical village operation. The chopped-off limbs of the trees, affording additional reflecting surfaces for the glimpses of the moon, had occurred in countless early Bigauds.

Much of this subject matter was included in the oil panel which Bigaud painted in January, while the gesso coats of his wall were drying and the scaffolds (always the most trying and frighteningly incompetent feature of Haitian mural work) were being patched together. The charcoal drawing on the wall itself, which established the iconography in its final form, took almost two weeks. The actual painting was accomplished in twenty-five days.

The vandals who entered the Cathedral during the night of February 18th and slashed Bigaud's half-finished work with black oil were almost certainly motivated by jealousy. Bigaud took no stock in two theories that were advanced regarding the desecration of his *Miracle*. One was that artists who had broken away from the Centre d'Art the year before to form the rival Foyer des Arts Plastiques had committed the crime. Another was that the act represented a protest against my

direction, possibly encouraged by conservative elements within the Church itself. Bigaud, however, was convinced that the vandalism reflected jealousy and feuding within the Centre d'Art itself, and that the culprit was either a painter who had not received a mural commission or, more probably, one of his fellow-muralists incited by the admiration of tourists already flocking to see his work. He felt certain that the police would uncover nothing (they didn't) and that the best thing he could do would be to complete the painting so quickly that the scaffolding could be taken down before a second attack could be organized. When a week later, after sanding off the black streaks and re-grounding them in white, Bigaud had repainted the demolished areas, he wrote "*Malgré tous*" (in spite of everything) on a corner of one of the tombstones. After finally completing the mural on March 16th, he wrote beneath his signature and the date: "*Grâce à Dieu*"

A description of his technique in painting the head of Christ may be of interest. After mixing the powdered colors in a solution of whole egg and linseed oil, he painted parts of the face in yellow, to which a small amount of red and white had been added. The eye-space was filled in with solid white, and a little of the white was brushed on to the forehead, chin, and bridge of the nose as highlights. He explained that the Virgin's face was more pink, and the dark face

the face—the hairline, wrinkles surrounding the mouth, the edges of the ears. A much flatter brush was used with bouncy strokes to shade off towards the lighter areas. Next he added yellow to the highlights of cheek and nostril seen in profile, to the lobe of the ear and to the forehead. Using a fine brush he outlined with a quarter inch of black the white eye-socket and the edges of the face, except the chin and upper forehead. With the same brush he painted the mouth opening, indicated the ear cavity with interlocking hooked lines, brushed in the eyelashes and filled in the pupil of the eye with black.

Next, to soften the expression, he passed over the black wrinkle lines with the large brush dipped in chocolate-brown. The lips were laid in with a mixture of red and white. Dipping the big brush in solid black, he filled in the hair, shading off towards the flesh of face and neck so that the separate bristles suggested the individual hairs in those areas. Finally, the hair received a few touches of chocolate-brown.

I asked Bigaud about the sad, almost womanly expression of the Christ's face. "He is looking far away for inspiration, rather than directly at the water-jug. He is praying that the miracle will succeed. He is sad—as is the Virgin, though less so—because He always suffers for His children." He told me that Mgr. Voegeli "came all the way up here to look at the Virgin; he looked as though he were prepared to die for



Man cooking manioc-cakes, detail of *Miracle of Cana*



Photograph used as basis for detail

above the Christ had yellow lips, "*Parce que le Christ don plus de traca! Aussi li gain toujours nan soleil.*" The yellow lips, he said, formed a harmony of color with the yellow clothes and with the reflection of moonlight from the top of the head.

Chocolate-brown was added to the earlier mixture to make more pronounced the details of

Her!" I asked Bigaud whether he believed in the divinity of Christ. "They say He was divine. Who knows? I believe in Him. The priests of *codun* perform miracles, too; I've seen them; but that's diabolic. Christ's miracles were to teach lessons, not to arouse fear. Yes, I still go to *codun* ceremonies—more often than to church, perhaps, because the ceremonies are more inter-

esting and intimate and certainly more colorful—but I don't believe in the *loas* anymore."

Bigaud was born in Port-au-Prince in 1929. His father, Lexile Bigot, was a peasant from Anse-à-Veau. His mother, Talide Evrard of Pétienville, had three other children, all now dead, by an earlier marriage, and has since remarried. The Portail Léogane district where Wilson was brought up then included the capital's red-light section, and he remembers the crimes of violence that took place there, from the commonplace mutilations of a machete at dice games to cock-stealing by thieves who eluded the police by swimming under water with their prey.

At public school he so excelled in drawing that his instructor refused to give him advice, and his fellow students paid him one or two cents to do their homework. "I'd do a drawing almost as good as my own—but not quite!" In 1946, Hyppolite discovered young Bigaud carving an *Immaculate Conception* in wood and took him to the Centre d'Art, where Bigaud sold the sculpture. He was equipped with furniture enamels, cigar boxes and cardboard, and by the next year was selling pictures as fast as he could paint them.

He says of his style, "I began like Hyppolite. Hyppolite's style was very strong, but it had no nuances. I was never influenced by Obin,

whose pictures are flat, to my taste. Besides, all Obin's pupils paint like him. If I have pupils, I shall see that they paint in their own way, not in mine. Today I use only white Sapolin; the other colors are oils in tubes. I begin a picture with the background of hills, trees, houses and so forth; I do the clothes and faces last, so that the figures will detach themselves from the background. I never paint from nature. . . . My memory is enough."

Bigaud lives with his wife, Nicole, and their two children in a house he built himself of old boards. Though he pays only \$20 a year rent for the land on which his house stands, he is chronically broke. A \$63 bicycle, equipped with every chromium gadget, is the only material asset he has to show for four years of comparatively lucrative work. But far from being depressed by this situation, Bigaud appears to enjoy life thoroughly and continues to contemplate new extravagances.

Like every Haitian with an outside chance, Bigaud's consuming ambition is to visit the United States. But, he says, frowning slightly, "If I receive a mural commission in your country, I won't make the mistake others have made and try to ape the styles of Paris and New York. I'll continue to paint what I know best: the life of the Haitian peasant, the hard life. . . ."



Wilson Bigaud painting Head of Christ, detail of *Miracle of Cana*

Cock on tombstone, detail of *Miracle of Cana*



Contributors

RENÉ GAFFÉ prepared for a diplomatic career but decided instead to enter the field of journalism. His taste for the arts led him to accept for a while the position of Assistant Manager of the Opéra Française in America. Although he has been for many years partner in one of the great perfume houses of Paris, he has never abandoned literature. His varied writings include dramas, ballet-pantomimes, books on current political history and studies on Paul Eluard, Paul Delvaux, sculpture of the Belgian Congo and the painting of Giorgio de Chirico. "Confessions of a Collector" was translated by Jacques Le Clercq of Queens College.

Painting in Florence and Siena After the Black Death, from which MILLARD MEISS's article is excerpted, is the author's first book, although he is widely known as a contributor of articles to the *Art Bulletin*, *Burlington Magazine* and other periodicals. Mr. Meiss, associate professor of art at Columbia University, was formerly editor of the *Art Bulletin* and is a member of the Editorial Board of *MAGAZINE OF ART*.

Born in Wisconsin, MARK TOBEY first visited Seattle in 1923 and has been a resident of that city since 1939. From 1931-38, while holding the post of resident artist at Doddington Hall, South Devon, he traveled widely in Europe, Mexico and the Far East. In 1934 he began the study of Chinese calligraphy, which has had so great an influence on his painting. Although he has had many one-man shows, the current retrospective is by far the most comprehensive exhibition of his work.

JOHN I. H. BAUR is Curator of Painting and Sculpture at the Brooklyn Museum, which has scheduled an exhibition from November 15th through January 6th on the same theme as his forthcoming book. *Revolution and Tradition in Modern American Art* is the first publication in a new series on American Civilization to be sponsored by the Library of Congress.

SELDEN RODMAN, formerly co-director of the Centre d'Art at Port-au-Prince, recently edited an anthology of modern poetry for Mentor Books. His biography of Ben Shahn, *Portrait of the Artist as an American*, is being published this month by Harper's.

Forthcoming

The November issue will contain "Masks and Symbols in Ensor," by FREDERICK S. WIGHT; MATTHEW NOWICKI, "Origins and Trends in Modern Architecture"; "Rubens' Pen Drawings" by JULIUS S. HELD; "Religious Art and the Modern Artist" by FATHER COUTURIER, O.P.; "Rousseau and the Italian Tradition," by CARLO CARRÀ; and an article by ELIZABETH MCCAUSLAND on "The Daniel Gallery and Modern American Art."

Letters to the Editor

Sir:

Recognizing the extremely difficult conditions under which Japanese artists are working, Artists Equity Association last spring formed a committee to raise money to send to Japanese artists books and other materials that they severely lack and urgently need.

This project is intended to give concrete expression to the desire for closer cooperation between the artists of this country and those of Japan, and in addition is a tribute to Yasuo Kuniyoshi, who has rendered such distinguished service to his fellow artists.

Readers of *MAGAZINE OF ART* who are interested in joining this project are invited to send donations to Harry Gottlieb, Treasurer, 323 East 13th Street, New York 13.

HUDSON D. WALKER, Executive Director
Artists Equity Association

Sir:

The undersigned is compiling a list of the paintings of Jacob Eichholtz (1776-1842), portrait painter of Lancaster, Penna., with names of past or present owners. Information will be appreciated as to the location of paintings, letters or diaries of the period from any sources other than the Frick Art Reference Library or catalogues. Acknowledgment will be made of any assistance used in any future publication.

REBECCA J. BEAL
Schenley Apts., Fifth Avenue
Pittsburgh 13, Penna.

Film Review

Crucifixion: Theme and Variations, music by Verdi and Bach. 16 mm.; color; sound; 1½ reels (15 min.). Rental \$15; sale \$150.

3 Paintings by Hieronymus Bosch, music by Liszt, narration by Murvyn Vye. 16 mm; color; sound; 1 reel (10 min.). Rental \$10; sale \$100.

Ballet by Degas, music by Chopin and Irma Jurist. 16 mm; color; sound; 1 reel (10 min.). Rental \$10; sale \$100.

All produced and directed by J. H. Lenauer; Mavis Lyons, associate producer and editor; photographer George Jacobson. Available from Brandon Films, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York 19.

These three films in the new "World of the Artist" series have two virtues in common: exceptionally sensitive color photography which is particularly good in details, and a respect for the individual works of art presented. Beyond that, they differ widely, and considered together are of interest because they typify three ways in which paintings may be used to produce what are generally rather loosely termed "art films."

Crucifixion illustrates selections from the New Testament through three Flemish paintings from the Johnson Collection at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Each painting is identified and seen once in its entirety; thereafter its details are shown to recount the story of Christ's Passion. So powerful is the scriptural text that we are inevitably forced to regard the paintings as episodes only. But while such an approach is relatively satisfactory in the case of *Christ Carrying the Cross* by the Master of the Turin Adoration—essentially a rather trivial painting made up of separate narrative details—the tremendous impact upon the spectator of Roger van der Weyden's great *Christ on the Cross* is never communicated, for this is a work in which the whole is far greater than the mere sum of its parts. Moreover, in spite of the general excellence of the details and a dramatic use of repeat shots, there is probably little here that could not be achieved at far less cost through a sensitively manipulated sequence of slides. The accompanying music from Verdi's *Requiem* and from Bach, however, contributes greatly to the film's effect.

3 *Paintings by Hieronymus Bosch*, again based on works in the Johnson Collection, has a more specifically art-historical approach. The narration lays stress on the artist's troubled times and on Bosch as "the first social commentator among painters." Since almost any interpretation of this artist invariably seems to provoke controversy, as many people are likely to disagree with this particular presentation as will accept it; this reviewer, at any rate, preferred it to the more pretentious metaphysical commentary of *Il Demoniac nell'Arte*, with which it invites comparison. In any event, the film assists the spectator to observe closely details that he might otherwise overlook and leads him to focus on their appearance as well as their significance. Art groups already predisposed to pictorial analysis of this sort will probably welcome the film more readily than general audiences, even those in "art theatres," though the latter can certainly appreciate the beauty of color and details and, again, the excellent music—this time adapted from Liszt's *Tasso*.

Still a third approach is that of *Ballet by Degas*, based on examples in the Metropolitan Museum of Art as well as in the Johnson Collection. This film represents a real attempt to recreate in cinematic terms the spirit of the originals, and its success may be in part because movement is so inherent in the paintings themselves. The color photography by George Jacobson has superbly captured Degas' light and color. True imagination is at work here in the way in which the movements of the camera have been used to simulate the motions of the dancers' feet, particularly as they execute the *entrechats*. There is wit, too, in the interwoven motives of the old woman reading, the sophisticated spectator lean-

ing back in his chair, the orchestra conductor and the posturing ballerinas. Just as in an actual performance, no spoken word distracts from one's enjoyment of spectacle and music—the Chopin *Krakowiak* seeming to fit the mood rather better than the original piece by Irma Jurist. The pace of the music is not always synchronized, however, with the camera's movements, and the latter sometimes lack acceleration, staccato effects and sufficient variation of stress. But these are relatively minor flaws in a film which can be enjoyed for the manner in which it transposes to a different medium the delightful works of art on which it is based, without distorting them or violating their integrity.

HELEN M. FRANC

Recent Art Film Releases

With this issue we inaugurate a new feature, designed to keep our readers informed of new art films in every field as they become available for distribution. *MAGAZINE OF ART* will continue as heretofore to review outstanding films on art.

Architecture West, photographed by Erven Jourdan. 16 mm; 2 reels (22 min.). Available from Allen-Moore Productions, Inc., 213 West 7th Street, Los Angeles 14. Black and white: rental \$10, sale \$110; color: rental \$10, sale \$150.

Balzac, produced by Compas Films, written and directed by Jean Vidal, photographed by Daniel and Henri Sarraide and Maurice Barry. Music by Guy Bernard. English commentary written and narrated by Sherry Mangin. The life and work of the author through contemporary pictures, portraits and sculpture. 16 mm; black and white; sound; 2 reels (22 min.). Available from A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 18. Rental \$10; sale \$80. 35 mm: apply for rates.

The Ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, directed by Pietro Francisco, photographed by Angelo Jannarelli and Franco de Paolis. Music by Beethoven and Bach. 35 mm; black and white; sound. 1 reel (11 min.) Available from Lux Film Distributing Corporation, 1501 Broadway, New York 18. Apply for rates.

Geometry Lesson by Leonardi Sinigalli, produced by Carlo Ponti, directed by Virgilio Sabel, photographed by Mario Bavo. Music by Goffredo Petrassi. Geometrical principles in relation to nature, science and art. 16 and 35 mm; black and white; sound; 1½ reels (14 min.). Available from Lux Film Distributing Corporation, 1501 Broadway, New York 18. Apply for rates.

Joan Miro Makes a Color Print, produced by Thomas Bouchard, narrated by Stanley W. Hayter and Ruthven Todd. 16 mm; color; sound; 2 reels. Available from Thomas Bouchard Productions, 80 West 40th Street, New York 18. Rental \$25.

John Marin, produced by Jim Davis. Music by Bach performed by Rosalind Tureck. 16 mm; color; sound; 2½ reels (24 min.). Available from A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 18. Rental \$15; sale \$170.

A Lesson in Anatomy, produced by Geo Taparelli, directed by Clauco Pellegrini, photographed by Antonio Schiavinotto. Music by Roman Vlad. 35 mm; black and white; sound; 1 reel (11½ min.). Available from Lux Film Distributing Corporation, 1501 Broadway, New York 18. Apply for rates.

Looking at Sculpture, produced by Realist Film Unit for British Information Service, directed by Alexander Shaw. An analysis of three objects of different periods in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. 16 mm; black and white; sound; 1 reel (11 min.). Available from Brandon Films, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York 19. Sale \$40; apply for rental rates.

New Ways of Gravure, produced by Jess Paley. A demonstration by Stanley W. Hayter. 16 mm; black and white; sound; 1 reel (12 min.). Available from A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 18. Rental \$4; sale \$40.

Paint as You Please, produced by the University of Michigan Audio Visual Education Center. 16 mm; color; sound; 1½ reels (16 min.). Available from the University of Michigan Audio Visual Center, 4028 Administration Building, Ann Arbor, Mich. Rental \$4.25; sale \$120.

Pen Point Percussion, produced by Thomas Daley. A demonstration by Norman McLaren of hand-drawn synthetic sound on animation films, designed as an introduction to his *Dots*, *Loops*, and other experimental films. 16 mm; black and white; sound; 1 reel (7 min.). Available from National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y. Rental \$3 with *Dots* or *Loops*.

Reflections No. 11, produced by Jim Davis. 16 mm; color; sound; 1 reel (7½ min.). Available from A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 18. Rental \$5; sale \$90.

Sculpture in Minnesota, sponsored by the Minnesota Sculpture Group, Macalester College, and the St. Paul Gallery and School of Art. 16 mm; black and white; sound; 1 reel. Rental \$6.50; sale \$60.

Tiepolo Skies, directed by Giorgio Graziosi, photographed by Angelo Jannarelli. Music by Tschai-kowsky, Wagner and Bach. 35 mm; black and white; sound; 1 reel (11 min.). Available from Lux Film Distributing Corporation, 1501 Broadway, New York 18. Apply for rates.

Triptych, produced by the Society of St. Paul, London; directed by Gino Parenti. Based on Crivelli's *Annunciation*, Botticelli's *Nativity* and Mantegna's *Crucifixion*. Liturgical music sung by Beniamino Gigli and chorus. 35 mm; 1½ reels (14 min.); color; sound. Available from Lux Film Distributing Corporation, 1501 Broadway, New York 18. Apply for rates.

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Book Reviews

Rufino Tamayo, with introduction by Enrique F. Gual, Mexico, D. F., Fischgrund, n.d. 10 color reproductions + introductory pamphlet. \$5.

Drawings by Tamayo, with introduction by Enrique F. Gual, Mexico, D. F., Ediciones Mexicanas, 1950. 43 plates (some in color) + introductory pamphlet. \$5.

Currently in print in the United States is one of the Fischgrund portfolios on Mexican art and folklore, this time a selection of plates featuring recent oils by Rufino Tamayo. Since for sheer power of color the Mexican painter has few equals today, and since the reproductions, though small, match with fair accuracy the original paintings, the Tamayo portfolio offers sumptuous fare. Even before these plates one marvels at the artist's ability to create through the coloring of each picture that quality of inner glow which makes it seem to be illuminating itself.

There is more than color, however, in the paintings presented by this portfolio. There is a play of forms in space, subconsciously directed though that play might seem, which reveals on the part of the artist astonishingly fertile invention. By the startlingly abrupt diminution of a head or augmentation of a hip, the bold fragmentation of a plane or superimposition of a line, or by a score of other such devices, but above all by the synthesizing power of his imagination, Tamayo has created a world of spectre-haunted space as poignantly convincing as that of Picasso.

The paintings reproduced in this series are not otherwise expressionless. Their forms in each case vivify the theme developed. Tamayo's *Insane*, for example, conveys beyond power of word the bleak bewilderment of a mind bereft of reason. His *Hurrying Personage* seems to flit across our vision in a very frenzy of haste. His *Cantinflas* catches even the pathos beneath the slapstick comedy of "Mexico's Charlie Chaplin."

Turning through the plates of this portfolio, we come to wonder by just what stages the painter manages to reach such lengths of unexpected fantasy. A second portfolio published recently offers facsimiles of Tamayo's drawings which, in some cases at least, seem to lead from the initial study to the final form. For a detail of the Smith College fresco of 1943, for instance, Tamayo began by making a tightly literal pencil drawing, shaded with stomp and kneaded eraser in the most academic fashion. Successive later drawings show him to have proceeded with increasing simplifications and distortions until a degree of abstraction was reached from which he could embark on the final painting. If such a series is representative, then one can say that no fantasy of Tamayo's ever became so exotic that its roots could not be traced to a faithful study of nature.

One might expect of a text accompanying such portfolios some indication of the painter's life, his philosophy and the significance of his art. It is at this point that both publications disappoint. There is little to be found in either portfolio other than empty verbiage, poor translation and typographical error. One wonders how, if the painter thought the date of execution important enough to include with his signature on most of his drawings and paintings, he could let the first hundred copies of the portfolio of his drawings go out, numbered and signed by himself, when the facsimiles were assembled with a total disregard for chronological sequence or for any other order. Had he been consulted before the portfolio went to press, Tamayo would surely have discovered such errors as the total omission of the forty-third plate from the list of drawings, or the location of Northampton, where the Smith College fresco was done, in Virginia!

For any biographical or interpretative study of Rufino Tamayo, the reader must still consult Robert Goldwater's authoritative monograph (reviewed by Jean Charlot in *MAGAZINE OF ART*, October, 1948) and Jean Charlot's earlier article on the painter, published in this magazine for April, 1945.

WALLACE S. BALDINGER
University of Oregon

André Malraux, *The Twilight of the Absolute* (*The Psychology of Art*, Vol. III), translated by Stuart Gilbert, New York, Pantheon (Bollingen Series), 1950. 275 pp., illus. \$12.50.

Here at last is an art book with plenty of large, well-chosen pictures, each one placed right where the author talks about it. The Bollingen Foundation has done itself proud by spending money where it really counts, on good Swiss-printed illustrations and clear type, and not on deckle edges or refractory vellum bindings.

The volume completes Malraux's massive trilogy on art, which he started with *Museum Without Walls* and *The Creative Act*. This third volume contains a full index to the whole work. The dominant idea expounded in *The Twilight of the Absolute* is that religions once gave works of art an absolute value. A romanesque Virgin was not an arrangement of paint on wood—she *was* the Virgin. But now "history neatly assigns each religion to the appropriate pigeon-hole of a restricted period and so makes it relative." Therefore we today can sincerely admire a Poussin and an African mask while ignoring the ideas that produced them. All walls are down, and we are free to look in any direction. Malraux places some good shots at the specialists who refuse to look over their walls: "We credit a man who knows what Masaccio has in common with Cézanne and in what ways he diverges from him, with a truer understanding of Masaccio than that possessed by *quattrocento* specialists to whom Cézanne means nothing."

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Malraux's refreshing disdain for the specialist's point of view gives the book zest. He never lectures, or talks down, or even pauses to catch breath, but goes right along at the splendid clip of his own thought, without regard for formality or, sometimes, for fact. It is a pleasure to be thrown the strenuous compliment of being allowed to catch as catch can. Men of letters have often had their apt say on matters of art in France, and above all in Italy, where the word and the picture work closer together than they do in our Anglo-American tradition. Dante's random remarks on art are as acute today as they were six hundred years ago. Aretino was probably the first professional author who actively directed the art created around him. In France, Baudelaire is the supreme example for all times and places of the poet who probes deeper than anyone else into the visual arts. But in our tradition prose and, above all, poetry have so lorded it for centuries that the other arts have had to fend for themselves, even though some things of value have been said by writers in English who were close to the French tradition—such as Horace Walpole, Arthur Symonds, Henry James and Somerset Maugham. Both art and letters gain by being friends.

Malraux has a keenly contemporary taste for juxtaposing fragments. Bits of pictures, sibylline epigrams rush by at intensely Parisian speed. The clipped, ecstatic staccato that suits French utterance is apt to sound a bit hop-skip-and-jump in English, but it was probably best to render the book as literally as has been done. Certainly the wit sticks, as when he says, "The Dutch were not the first to paint fish on a plate; but they were the first to cease treating it as food for the apostles." There are also admirable quotations from other writers, though never quoted with a source. I would like to know who said: "Genius imposes on the ages a language constantly modified, like an echo answering each successive age with its own voice, and what the masterpiece keeps up is not a monologue, however authoritative, but a dialogue triumphant over Time."

How the book may read in twenty years, God knows, but in our age of checking facts and references, of timid half-statements, one is grate-

ful for Malraux's arbitrary sweep, for the rush and wind of his grand *ipse dixit*. He is as fluent as Focillon, but with a sharper phrase and eye, and with prejudices brought right up to the minute. Malraux should never be taken literally, often not as fact, and sometimes (is it too mean to hint it?) not even seriously. But for all that, the book is still a delicious adventure.

A. HYATT MAYOR
Metropolitan Museum of Art

Edgar B. Frank, *Old French Ironwork*, Cambridge, Harvard University, 1950. 221 pp., 96 plates. \$6.

Old French Ironwork is a beguiling and invaluable study for anyone interested in wandering down a little known bypath of the minor arts of Europe. And Mr. Frank is the proper cicerone for such a journey. A life-long student and collector of "small ironwork," he possesses a knowledge and enthusiasm for his subject which constantly illumine the pages of his book. Mr. Frank shows how during the middle ages, the renaissance and the post-renaissance periods in France, a multitude of utilitarian objects in wrought iron were fashioned, which in their human values, their beauty and their happy union of design and function vividly evoke the spirit of the past. He describes the technical and mechanical aspects of his subject with an easy clarity. His presentation is orderly. There are chapters on craftsmen, on tools (themselves works of art), on locks, on keys, on small caskets, etc.

Originally written in French, the text was published under the title *Petite Ferronnerie Ancienne* (Editions Self, Paris, 1948). Mr. Frank's English text follows the French, and the ninety-six excellent collotype plates (illustrating examples from the author's own collection, none of which have been published before) are those of the French edition. The French title, incidentally, is preferable to the English, for it is truly a book of small ironwork. The larger, architectural uses of iron, such as for gates, railings and grilles, are beyond the limits of this well-considered study.

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Oswald Sirén, *China and Gardens of Europe of the Eighteenth Century*, New York, Ronald, 1950. xiv + 223 pp., 192 plates + 16 in color. \$30.

Horace Walpole, like so many, overprizes originality in praising the English garden. Originality is a minor virtue, unfortunately still too much favored; for if this quality had its proper place—that is, at the bottom of Beauty's ladder—perhaps this country could boast a richer architectural inheritance. Imagine the nation with Villa Rotondas and Teatro Olimpico and Villa d'Estes scattered across the land, and gardens embellished with grottoes, Chinese temples and Chinese bridges! America struggled too hard in the early years to support the whims of great lords and princes, and today even the gothic retreats of Central Park are no more. There is barely enough of Olmsted's work, of A. J. Davis' Llewellyn Park and of Downing's gardens on the Hudson, to form an appendix to Professor Sirén's handsome volume.

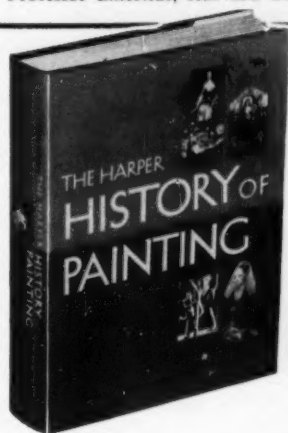
The author and his camera eye (he took the many beautiful photographs himself) go diligently about the great gardens of France, England and, fortunately for the history of landscape, Scandinavia. He does not confine his wanderings to *chinoiserie* but includes monuments of the purest Classic, such as Robert Mique's Music Pavilion at the Petit Trianon, which at first appear out of place in a work devoted to the history of the Picturesque. Eagerly as we may follow him, there are times when we may feel compelled to part, particularly when he describes Poussin and Claude as "the great romantic landscapists." Our curiosity may turn instead to the engravings of Le Nôtre's Versailles, which are not included, and wonder at the inspiration for the irregular paths of several bosquets, designed long before the Chinese influence was felt.

As the author notes in his preface, restrictions prevented him from exploring Germany and Austria, other havens of *chinoiserie*. Let us hope that their gardens will be found in a second volume, which might also include Italy. La Favorita, the refuge during the Napoleonic Wars of Ferdinand I, King of the Two Sicilies, rises invitingly on the edge of Palermo; it may not be the tallest building in Europe built in the Chinese style, but it is certainly the largest. Even Rome can point to a garden in the Picturesque on the lower terrace of the Villa Doria-Pamfili.

In addition to the hundred and fifty photographs, Professor Sirén has included color reproductions of the drawings of F. M. Piper, his compatriot who brought the Chinese Style home to Sweden. In making use of recent discoveries in Swedish archives, the author recalls to us the fact that Sir William Chambers was born and brought up in Gothenburg and that he went to China on a ship of the Swedish East India Company. It was Chambers who stood out against the mania of "Capability" Brown, who was determined to turn

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all of England into grazing land. Chambers' comments, as cited by the author, might apply to other places and other times. "Because in the Old Gardening, art, order and variety were carried to an extravagant excess, you have, in the New, almost totally excluded all three," observed Sir William on the modernist Brown. "To mend an exuberant fantastic dress, you have stripped stark naked; and to heal a distempered limb, you have, like some famous surgeons of our day, chopped it entirely off."

HENRY HOPE REED, JR.
Yale University

Frances Lichten, *Decorative Arts of Victoria's Era*, New York, Scribners, 1950. 274 pp., incl. 96 of illus.; 14 color plates. \$12.50.

In this book the decorative art of 1840 to 1900 is made to seem a flavorless hodge-podge, and at \$12.50 this is no gift.

Were it not for its high price, this book would appeal to admirers of Mrs. Amanda M'Kittrick Ros; not since her *Irene Iddesleigh* have we been privileged to read prose like this: "But sentimentality and cruelty are close bedfellows, and instead of shuddering, they seem to have delighted in the almost human expression of emotion with which the artist invested his stags"; or: "Victoria was as faithful to her happy memories of Balmoral as she was to her husband." Though Miss Lichten's book manages to include many other such gems, her usual style is more accurately represented by the following page headings: *The What-Not Added Interest To Life; The Scrapbook Added Color And Clutter*.

Miss Lichten's felicitous if uneven evocation of one of the rarest literary styles of Victoria's days is not paralleled in her choice and presentation of illustrations. These are numerous but indiscriminately chosen and badly printed, unlisted and usually uncredited. Furthermore, they are frequently mutilated in a way which destroys their authenticity.

The nadir of Miss Lichten's efforts is reached in her bibliography. A few samples must suffice. The greatest single source of illustrations in this book, though unacknowledged, is *The Art*

Journal Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Industries of All Nations, 1851, which could be found second-hand quite recently for exactly one dollar. Not only is the *Catalogue* inaccurately listed in the bibliography, it is not even placed under its proper heading, "Expositions." The books listed under this heading refer to the important international exhibitions of 1851, 1853, 1858, 1867 and 1876 in England, France (only one book!) and America. However, they are not given in historical sequence, which does not make the list especially usable. William Morris, Walter Crane and Kate Greenaway are given a page apiece of doubtful illustrations but appear nowhere in the bibliography. Neither does Ruskin. Eastlake is included for his *Gothic Revival*, but not for his *Hints on Household Taste*. Pevsner and Giedion are also ignored.

EDGAR KAUFMANN, JR.
Museum of Modern Art

Th. H. Lunsingh Scheurleer, ed., *Camera Studies of European Sculpture and Craftsmanship*, London, Cassell, 1949. xvii + 96 pp. of plates. 30 s.

Dr. A. Van Schendel, *Camera Studies of Dutch Master-Paintings*, London, Cassell, 1949. xii pp., 152 plates. 30 s.

These are both handsome picture books to look at and enjoy. *European Sculpture and Craftsmanship* presents forty works from the tenth to the eighteenth century which have been traveling on exhibition from the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna. An introduction summarizes the history of collections from medieval times onward, and gets around to the development of printed pictures of art works: from engravings to photographs, and now in our day, detail photographs—"glimpses into a scarcely suspected and rarely seen world in miniature." The photographic body of the book which follows presents sequences of details and various views of ivory carvings, chalices and metalwork, wood carvings, tapestry and bronzes. In the flow of pictures a West European hunting horn, of the eleventh or twelfth century, for example, is shown in an all-over view and in details

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from three sides. The resulting impression of the object and of the nature and possibilities of ivory is vivid. Notes about the history and art of ivory carving, and about the hunting horn illustrated, are provided in the introduction. Other techniques are treated in the same manner in notes and pictures—although most of the handsome objects illustrated are shown only in one or two photographs. As the examples follow each other chronologically, one also receives an impression of art marching on.

The book on *Dutch Master-Paintings* plays a different photographic game. Its introduction tells how "the lense of a camera . . . can shift the frontiers of our familiar world, conjure with normal dimensions and proportions and reveal secrets hitherto unsuspected." The main body of the book consists of forty-five facing pairs of hands, heads, street scenes, animals, windmills, interiors, fragments of still-life, windows, birds, eyes, buildings, horses, wagons, hands holding glasses, profiles, feet, lower limbs, lace, heads on platters, boats, leaves. The collection of contrasts "makes possible the most surprising comparisons. . . . Chronology has been trampled underfoot and consistency in scale has been disrespectfully treated . . . It must be admitted that this method of comparison is dangerous when it tempts us to far-reaching conclusions." To avoid this danger in looking, for example, at hands done by Frans Hals and by Nicolas Elias, you can turn to a list of "Details" and learn the dates of the art works in question. From here you are referred to two other plates showing the complete paintings from which the details were taken. Turning to these complete pictures, you are referred to still another list, this one of the complete paintings. From this you can find out the size of the paintings, and so (turning again to the plates of the complete paintings) work out the approximate size of the two hands (the details you started with originally).

A librarian would probably find it difficult to know where to shelve these books; she would do well to leave them out on a table for people to enjoy.

JOHN ALLCOTT
University of North Carolina

Theodore Sizer, *The Works of Colonel Jehn Trumbull, Artist of the American Revolution*, New Haven, Yale, 1950. xiii + 137 pp., 46 illus. \$5.

Professor Sizer's documentation of Trumbull's works, as they are known both in actual examples and from records only, has a beauty akin to that of a scientific demonstration—a phrase of praise intended as something special in an age when that kind of beauty is being sought by artists as well as scholars.

Only those who have attempted to assemble similarly dependable material can even guess at the complexities of detail and the difficulties of sifting fact from error that preceded this orderly grouping by types and this alphabetical listing within each group. But such is the authority of this result that all present attributions not here included—of which there are hundreds—have heavy odds against them, and any future discoveries will have their authenticity effectively tested by the chronology and stylistic changes for which this volume gives the foundation.

As Professor Sizer points out, the historical pictures of Trumbull have long been nationally important as the source of the visual mythology of the American Revolution. This alone would justify the printing of the author's *catalogue raisonné*, of which the present book constitutes the outline; since that is not feasible, the availability of the source material at Yale should be widely known. Meanwhile this list is accompanied by discussions of such topics as Trumbull's prices and painting procedure; it also brings with it the most representative selection of works for illustration, together with corrected identity charts for the individuals included in the paintings of Revolutionary events.

If Professor Sizer's further project of editing the *Autobiography* permits the inclusion of all that Trumbull himself omitted from that self-justification, it will be a book for both students of American art and amateurs of retrospective psychiatry.

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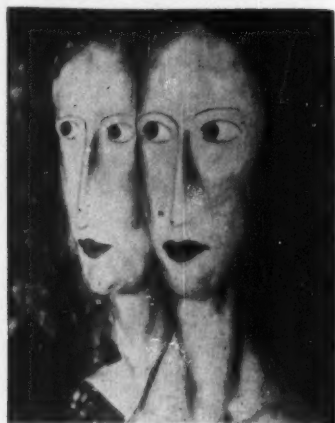
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A. H. Maurer, *Two Heads*, ca. 1928, from Elizabeth McCausland, A. H. Maurer

- AMERICAN PLANNING AND CIVIC ANNUAL, edited by Harlean James, Washington, American Planning and Civic Association, 1951. viii + 192 pp. \$2.
- THE ARTIST AND THE MUSEUM: REPORT OF THE THIRD WOODSTOCK ART CONFERENCE SPONSORED BY ARTISTS EQUITY ASSOCIATION AND WOODSTOCK ARTISTS ASSOCIATION, SEPTEMBER 1-2, 1950, John D. Morse, ed., New York, American Artists, 1951. 65 pp. \$1.50.
- Bates, Kenneth F., ENAMELING: PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE, Cleveland, World, 1951. 208 pp., 115 figs., 13 plates + frontispiece in color. \$3.75.
- BOOKS FOR OUR TIME, edited and designed by Marshall Lee, New York, Oxford University, 1951. 128 pp., illus. \$5.50.
- Clark, Kenneth, PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA, New York, Phaidon (distributed by Oxford University), 1951. 212 pp., 62 figs., 148 black-and-white + 7 color plates. \$8.50.
- Cogniat, Raymond, FRENCH PAINTING AT THE TIME OF THE IMPRESSIONISTS, translated by Lucy Norton, Paris, Hyperion (distributed by Macmillan), 1951. 163 pp., 101 color plates. \$9.50.
- Cohn, William, CHINESE PAINTING, London, Phaidon (distributed by Oxford University), 2d revised edition, 1950. 112 pp., 46 figs., 229 black and white + 5 color plates. \$8.50.

Dey, Mukul, MY PILGRIMAGES TO AJANTA AND BAGH, London, Oxford University, 2d edition, 1950. 185 pp., 18 illus., 56 plates + frontispiece in color. \$4.50.

Feuchtwanger, Lion, THIS IS THE HOUR, translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter and Frances Fawcett, New York, Viking, 1951. 516 pp. \$3.95.

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE, edited by Lester Collins and Thomas Gillespie, Cambridge, Department of Landscape Architecture, Harvard University, 1951. 76 pp., illus.

Lipman, Jean, AMERICAN FOLK DECORATION, with instructions by Eve Meulendyke, New York, Oxford University, 1951. 163 pp., 181 illus. + 4 color plates. \$10.

Loomis, Andrew, SUCCESSFUL DRAWING, New York, Viking, 1951. 160 pp., illus. \$4.95.

McCausland, Elizabeth, A. H. MAURER, New York, A. A. Wyn for the Walker Art Center, 1951. 289 pp., 64 plates + frontispiece in color. \$5.

McInnes, Graham, CANADIAN ART, Toronto, Macmillan, 1950. x + 140 pp., 37 black-and-white + 6 color plates. \$5.

Peck, Stephen Rogers, ATLAS OF HUMAN ANATOMY FOR THE ARTIST, New York, Oxford University, 1951. xv + 272 pp., illus. \$6.

Robb, David M., THE HARPER HISTORY OF PAINTING: THE OCCIDENTAL TRADITION, New York, Harper, 1951. xv + 1006 pp., 506 black-and-white + 16 color plates. College edition, \$7.50; trade, \$12.50.

SCULPTURE: BATTERSEA PARK, 1951, introduction by Nikolaus Pevsner, London, Lund Humphries, 1951. 44 plates. 5s.

Simpson, Martha, ART IS FOR EVERYONE, New York, McGraw-Hill, 1951. x + 173 pp., 24 plates. \$3.50.

Smith, Jacob Getlar, WATERCOLOR PAINTING FOR THE BEGINNER, New York, Watson-Cuptill, 1951. 127 pp., 65 illus. + 7 color plates. \$6.

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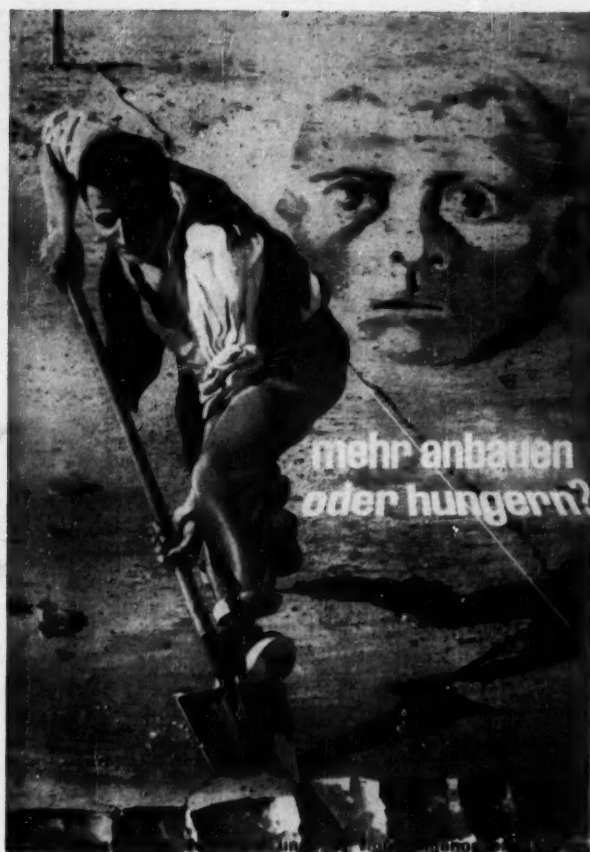
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